

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

VERY LITTLE DOING IN THE HARBOR

Mrs. V. H. Goodwin Victim Of An Accident

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, Feb. 9.
Not for several winters has the port been so quiet as at present. In the course of an ordinary year not more than two days elapse without vessel movements of some kind, but this has occurred several times within the past two weeks. Most of the coasters have been hauled up on account of the severe weather and

there is hardly any coal on the way now.

The admission fee for charter members of the Kittery Yacht Club, together with three months' dues in advance, are now payable. A special meeting has been called for Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, to take definite action regarding a club house and a full attendance is desired. The next meeting following will be held at the usual place, Charles T. Bailey's boat-house, on Monday evening, March 4, at half-past seven o'clock.

A very interesting meeting of the Teachers' Association of Kittery was held at the Horace Mitchell school on Friday afternoon at three o'clock. After the usual business, Miss Mabelle Moore, chairman of the executive committee, presented the following program:

a. "Flag Song",
b. "America."
Pupils from the intermediate and grammar grades.

"The School City," Miss Damon
Report of the teachers' institute held at the Town Hall in Stratham, Jan. 12, 1907.

Barge R. G. Co., No. 1, laden with stone for the navy yard quay wall arrived on Friday evening.

A loaded four-masted schooner, supposed to be the Malcolm Baxter, Jr., from Newport News for Portland, anchored outside this morning.

The J. H. D. Fancywork Club will

meet on Monday evening with Miss Alice M. Boulter.

Miss Louise Newsom is confined to her home by illness.

The almost unparalleled long cold snap has caused many of the navy yard workmen, who are obliged to work out-of-doors, to lay off until less severe weather arrives.

It is reported that the four-wheeled cars of the Atlantic Shore line, numbers 2, 4 and 12 will not be in regular service after this winter, but that eight-wheeled cars will be purchased. When built, the cars were of the latest and best design, but the advent of eight-wheelers has caused them to be regarded with disfavor.

There will be a sermon at the Second Christian Church on Sunday at 10.30 a. m., subject, "Interdependence," Bible school, Baraca and Philathea classes at 11.50; at four p. m., Junior Christian Endeavor; at six, Senior Christian Endeavor; subject of sermon at seven, "The Deceptiveness of Judging." Revival Hymns are now in use. All are welcome.

Services at the Second Methodist Church on Sunday will be as follows: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. by the pastor, Rev. Sylvester Hooper, subject, "Helping Our Brothers." Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at seven, subject, "Following the Christ." All are welcome.

The D. Y. W. Y. K. Whist Club met with Austin Googins last evening at his home on Rogers road. This

(Continued on page five.)

DAYS OF GLOOM

When War Clouds Shrouded The Land

RECALLED BY ARTICLE BY DR. FULLER

Story Of Famous Second New Hampshire Regiment

ORGANIZED AT PORTSMOUTH FOR SERVICE AT THE FRONT

By Frank Fuller, M. D.

In my first installment which you published on Jan. 28 I incidentally spoke of the second New Hampshire regiment, which was enlisted from all parts of the state and was congregated at Portsmouth in an open field, which is now, I think, a part of the Proprietors' burying ground. In the early training of the thousand men comprising that regiment, nearly all the rawest of raw recruits, I bore an active part. When the Governor's Horse Guards were being trained in 1855 and '60, I devoted many nights to a study of military tactics, the formation of companies and regiments, of maneuvers on parade and in the field, and in the early months of '61, seeing that war was imminent and that I would seek to be in it, I carefully studied the provisioning and supplying and feeding of soldiers on duty. So when, by virtue of my commission from Gov. Goodwin, I was put in charge of this regiment, so far as its supplies and their distribution were concerned, I was not without some preliminary knowledge of the subject. I delegated the duty of doing out the daily allowance to the most competent among the enlisted men. I personally made an inspection of the supplies and the cooking methods and was compelled to correct many evils, extravagances and shortcomings which these inspections revealed; I found men dropping into the sick list from over-indulgence in too strong coffee and the hasty swallowing of ill prepared food and these evils I corrected as rapidly as possible. But others were continually appearing and finally I had to appoint one intelligent man to supervise the sanitation of each of the ten companies. After they were properly instructed and fairly installed the sick list was reduced to almost nothing until on the May morning of our taking the special train to Boston, where we were to parade, only one man was dropped at roll call.

During our many weeks on the Portsmouth field our awkward squad, by dint of daily drilling, of inflexible rules, of rigidly enforced obedience, of punishment for infractions, of the guard house for serious offences—was fairly whipped into as fine a body of men as ever marched to battle. The change from the free and easy ways of the country lads, young and old, the erect soldierly posture taking the place of the loose-jointed, ramshackle, lounging attitude of the country boys was an object lesson worthy of a long journey to observe. Indeed parents and friends coming from the country hardly knew their own sons and brothers. When first formed into companies they would drift out of the line to shake hands with some country cousin who had come to Portsmouth to see the sights, and only by iteration and reiteration of the fact apparently startling to many of them, that they were the paid servants of the government; that when they signed the enlistment roll they were no longer creatures of impulse and whim, but to all intents and purposes soldiers on duty subject to rule and law, to correction and punishment and compelled to obedience to the commands of their superiors, the change was marvelous; that the discipline undergone at Portsmouth made the Second New Hampshire a regiment of distinction, was everywhere acknowledged. Regiments were pouring in to the capitol undrilled, disjointed, raw and helpless. Gov. Goodwin, under whose administration this reg-

iment was enlisted, understood this perfectly and determined that during his occupancy of the office of chief magistrate no regiment should leave New Hampshire unprepared for actual service, but each would go as a well-drilled working unit, subject to the commands of efficient officers and fully competent to quickly understand those commands and to obey them on the instant.

The first colonel of the regiment was Capt. Smith, a good man from Manchester, where many of the men were recruited. He had been captain of a company through the Mexican war. He was a good soldier with a military bearing and great knowledge of field work. But somehow his heart was not in the war and before the regiment left Portsmouth he resigned. Hon. Gilman Marston, who was then a member of Congress, was appointed colonel, although as he told me, he knew nothing of military service except by reading. He was in Washington attending to his duties as representative in Congress at the time of his appointment. The regiment left Portsmouth under the command of Lieut. Col. Frank Pike, one of the handsomest men I ever saw and one of the noblest.

We were received in Boston with military honors and were marched to the Common, where we were reviewed by Gov. John A. Andrew and his council and paraded under the hallow sun for two hours when we were marched to the Music Hall, where we were dined and entertained by speeches from numerous orators, our band interspersing the proceedings with all the noise it could possibly make. In the afternoon we were let loose until time for the evening train, which took us to the Fall River steamer for New York. In New York the officers were comfortably housed for the day at the Everett House, which still remains on Union Square, while the men were taken to a caravansary on Broome street and were allowed liberty for some hours. That liberty was unfortunate for many of them and particularly so for one man from the upper part of the state, who in passing from one car to another of the train that took us from Jersey City to Washington, was thrown off and his lifeless body was picked up after a delay of half an hour and carried to our first stopping point, Trenton, where it was left. I did not see the remains of the poor fellow and yet I remembered his pleasant, ruddy face as soon as the name was mentioned. It had fallen to me to pay the officers and men during their services in Portsmouth. I was given the privilege of selecting from the enlisted men such clerical assistance as I required and really it was no easy task to secure the signature of a thousand men to the pay-rolls. My little office on the field would hold but one at a time and I personally saw every man sign. My assistants made up the lists; they had been clerks and bookkeepers; they were rapid penmen, quick and accurate at figures and when one failed in any respect he was sent back to the ranks and another one selected in his place.

Of course during their prolonged stay in Portsmouth, leaves of absence were granted from day to day and I was always called upon to determine whether the party asking leave of absence was worthy of it and I had been compelled to deny leave of absence on two or three occasions to the very man who lost his life because of over-indulgence. I had detected the tell-tale odor as he had rounded up at my window for inspection and I had to assume a stern demeanor in refusing to allow him to leave the grounds, reminding him of the last time when he came back and passed the guards in an unfit condition for service. I recall distinctly how the knowledge of the loss of this man acted as a damper in the officers' car as if it were felt to be an ill omen, the first ill omen for the future of the regiment. It was ominous of the morning hours spent in the Virginia woods on the nineteenth of August, the day of the commencement of the first battle of Bull Run, when that same well-appointed regiment, which had been made a part of Burnside's brigade, lost one hundred and twenty-five good men and true, ruthlessly cut down by an unbrushed enemy.

Let me say that I was not in that battle. I had been selected by President Lincoln for a mission in the Far West and was asked to proceed to Utah as speedily as possible. I did not desire a civil position; I wanted to be in the fight and I felt it as a

(Continued on fifth page)

SECOND EVENING

Of Parish Reunion In Freeman's Hall

A VERY PLEASING PROGRAM WAS ENJOYED

Great Throng Of People Took Part In Festivities

FINE ENTERTAINMENT WAS GIVEN, FOLLOWED BY DANCING

In happy reunion many hundreds of the parishioners of the Church of the Immaculate Conception gathered at Freeman's Hall on Friday evening and helped to make the second night of the second annual reunion a social and financial success.

People who have not met in years were there in large numbers to meet old friends and the merry greetings were numerous in all parts of the spacious hall.

The concert program opened at eight o'clock promptly and the following from beginning to end was rendered with much merit:

Orchestra,
Saffors' Hornpipe, Mary Kelly and John Mooney.
Song, Eileen Aron, Verne Daniel O'Leary

Orchestra,
Solo, "When Dreams Come True," John Dow

Male quartet, "The Parting," "Lucky Jim," Harry Caswell, first tenor; John J. Molloy, second tenor; Ralph McCarthy, first bass; William McEvoy, second bass.
Songs, "Oh, Sweet Is Tipperary In the Spring," "Barney McGee," John Dolan

Monolog,
Song, "The Song of the Armorer," William McEvoy

Following the concert dancing was indulged in, the order consisting of twelve numbers and several extras, embracing waltzes, quadrilles, two steps, Portland fancy, and schottisches, all the numbers being thoroughly enjoyed by the large numbers present, and at times it was difficult to find space on the floor in which to swing one's partner, so many were participating in the dancing.

The dance order follows:
Waltz, Our Second
Two Step, K. of C.
Quadrille, A. O. H.
Two Step, Sodality
Cotillon, Two Step, F. of A.
Waltz, Our Officers
Intermission Thirty Minutes
Waltz Two Step Schottische
Portland Fancy, Our Sexton
Caprice, Our Guests
Waltz, H. G. L.
Two Step, L. O. G.
Quadrille, A. A. C.
Waltz, Our Choir
Extras.

The floor was systematically managed by B. A. Anglin, assisted by Miss Mary H. Holland and the following able corp of aids:
James T. Whitman, Timothy Con-

Motor Power Vs. Steam

PART I.
I run without a boiler, coal, fireman or water
So break down or blow up I don't just when I hadn't oughter,
I make no ashes; oil and grease I heartily detest,
So you can see, for cleanliness, of all machines, I'm best.
For greatest power, in smallest space, I am the most compact,
I use my power just where I am, with shafting late contact;
I can be put, with my machine, most anywhere you like
That so the light upon the work most favorably may strike.

PART II NEXT ISSUE.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

Kors, William Casey William Dow, Daniel J. Regan, Michael Barrett, George P. Scott, John Leary Richard A. Kirvan, Robert Anderson, John Sheehan, Mrs. William Cogan, Miss Katherine O'Leary, Miss Hannah Reagan, Miss Johanna Crowley, Miss Mary Burke, Miss Nellie Cronin, Miss Mary McCarthy, Miss Katherine Burke, Miss Mary Conlon, Miss Elizabeth Kane, Miss Mary Quinn.

Not for some time was the crush relaxed and at the close the committees and waiters were, to say the least, tired from the strenuous times they had been through in attending to the wants of the many who attended the reunion both nights.

The booths were as attractive and as liberally patronized as on the previous evening and the bevy of pretty young ladies who attended them had all the work they could attend to.

The second reunion was a record breaker among the many social events conducted in the history of the Portsmouth parish. Everybody connected with the affair should feel justly proud of the part they took in the work that ended so well for the cause in which it was carried out.

COUNTY AFFAIRS

Considered At Brentwood By The Legislative Delegation

At the meeting of the Rockingham county legislative delegation, held at Brentwood on Friday, County Commissioner Ceylon Spinney announced that the town of Exeter wishes to buy the second story of the Exeter town building, now owned by the county. The commissioners do not care to set a price upon the rooms and Mr. Spinney desired the delegates to decide the matter.

Mr. Spinney protested against the support of industrial school inmates by the county, stating that either the county or the individual towns were forced to pay \$1.50 a week for each inmate. It was added that the total cost last year was \$1,400. The delegation voted to use its influence to bring about the bearing of this expense by the state.

But one improvement was asked for by Mr. Spinney, the remodeling of the laundry to obviate the necessity of doing work by hand. About \$1,400 will be required if the proposed change is made.

A toast was drunk to the health of Commissioner Joseph R. Rowe of Brentwood, who retires from the board this year.

On motion of Senator Pinkham of Dover, the commissioners and Supt. Beane were extended a vote of thanks for their courtesy.

The estimates for the next two years were reduced from the sum of \$100,400, required two years ago, to \$93,000. In detail, the estimates are as follows:

County farm, \$24,000; county poor farm, \$30,000; dependent soldiers, \$3,000; probate court, \$400; register of deeds, \$100; sheriff, deputies and court messengers, \$1,000; new index, superior court records, \$250; records building, \$1,000; jails, \$6,000; court houses, \$1,000; miscellaneous, \$1,000; new laundry \$1,500; interest, \$7,000; superior court, state pay roll and orders, \$6,000; jury pay roll, \$3,000.

PROMOTIONS AT FREIGHT OFFICE

Boardman, Randall, assistant freight cashier at the Boston and Maine freight office, will enter upon his new duties as clerk at the plant of the Publishers' Paper Company on Monday. The force at the office will be moved up to fill the vacancy and Fred S. Dyer of the yard force will enter the freight office.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)
Washington, Feb. 9.—Fair and warmer weather is indicated for Sunday, with variable winds.

IT IS DENIED

The rumor of the marriage of a former well known Portsmouth Athletic Club man and a member of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks in New York is denied by his friends.

Cures baby's croup, Willie's daily cuts and bruises, mama's sore throat, grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great household remedy.

Geo. B. French Co

FEBRUARY, LIKE JANUARY, WILL BE REMEMBERED BY OUR CUSTOMERS IN ITS VOLUME OF REAL BAR-GAINS. EVERY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF MERCHANDISE SOLD LESSENS JUST SO MUCH OF STOCK-TAKING LATER ON.

VALENTINE DAY

Is still an event to be kept in mind.

Our Annex Store

Proves to be of interest with its display of

Novelties In Valentines

This year is Valentine year and our large stock is now ready for your buying.

FRENCH'S ANNEX STORE

SPECIALTIES.

RIBBON BELTINGS, in Navy, Black and White, of the up-to-date kind, special sale price.....39c
PATTERNED WAISTS, complete outfit for only \$1.00, which includes the embroidery for shadow work and Wallachian art embroidery, very desirable.....\$1.00
PILLOW TOPS include designs for Portsmouth High School for which there is an increasing demand.....49c
Also catchy designs and colorings at.....25c and 50c
TAM O'SHANTERS, regardless of their worth, your choice.....10c
HOSIERY at half the regular price, this lot includes a variety of Hosiery for Men, Women and Children, and those who appreciate the bargains buy them at.....12 1-2c
JUST IN WAISTINGS, these will interest you, being the curly arrivals of Plaided Waistings at.....50c
The blending of new shades is evident.
NEW SUITINGS are here, low priced at.....25c and 37c
Also in the 56 inch wide Novelties at.....75c

OUR DRAPERY DEPARTMENT

All the possibilities of decorative drapery designing are here for your selection. Beautiful goods of choice colors, patterns and kinds.
SCRIMS in cross stripe patterns, inexpensive at.....18c
FANCY MADRAS, 46 inches wide, very choice.....87c
ART TICKINGS, light and dainty colorings.....25c
VERSAILLES CRETONNES, yard wide.....19c
HUNGARIAN ART DRAPERY GOODS, full 36 inch width, is double face printed, and our price.....25c
STANDISH DRAPERIES with jacquard woven figures and excellent print designs.....25c
LACE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS.....39c pair to \$12.50

YOUNG WIFE'S STORY

Jerome Will Make Attempt
To Discredit It

YESTERDAY A LIVELY DAY IN THE
THAW TRIAL

New York, Feb. 8.—Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw resumed the witness stand today at the trial of Harry K. Thaw, her husband, carrying forward the narrative of her life from the point where she had left it off yesterday afternoon.

The story was brought down to the return of the girl and her husband to New York after their honeymoon trip in 1905, when she said Stanford White had called to her on the street and attempted to speak to her.

Mrs. Thaw was still on the stand when luncheon recess was taken.

All through the morning session the girl sat with dread in her heart of the bitter part of the ordeal yet to come—the time when Mr. Delmas should say to Mr. Jerome, "We are through with the witness."

Then the prosecution was to bring its guns to bear on the structure the young wife, with the help of her husband's lawyers, had builded—her recital of wrongs so often rehearsed, so often gone over, that she was able to tell a story that many a stronger woman would have utterly given way under.

But the crossing of swords with Mr. Jerome was not to come early, for Mr. Delmas had many more details to go into when recess was taken for luncheon, and the young wife was allowed to leave the witness chair for a brief rest.

Then she made her last preparations for the struggle with the district attorney, the outcome of which means so much to the man on trial for his life.

Mr. Jerome, it is said, has in his possession evidence which, in the opinion of those familiar with it, will shatter the story told by the young woman on the witness stand.

Although she seems to occupy an impregnable position behind the legal bulwarks raised by the fact that she repeated a story told by her to Thaw and made no direct accusation against White, Mr. Jerome will be able to question her about her life story.

It is expected the district attorney will put a series of questions to her asking if she told her husband many things in her experiences which she did not reveal on the stand.

There is confidence in the district attorney's office that, before Mr. Jerome is through, the credibility of Evelyn Thaw as a witness will have been entirely destroyed.

She possibly will be under cross-examination two days.

When she had taken the stand, Mr. Delmas continued reading the letters interrupted by adjournment yesterday.

One of Thaw's letters said of Evelyn: "I will never hurt you. By the hope there is a Heaven above, your pure soul shall go there. I give you my sacred word not to hurt you."

Mrs. Thaw testified that Stanford White made several attempts to renew friendship with her after her marriage to Thaw. She told her husband and he was very angry.

Mrs. Thaw said White tried to win many times to have her come and see him alone.

"He cried and said I wasn't a human being."

Mrs. Thaw said Harry accused her of having improper relations with White after her return from Europe.

"I said it was a lie; I had not."

Mrs. Thaw told of going to Attorney Hummel's office with Stanford White. The lawyer put in a paper "a lot of stuff about my being carried off by Harry Thaw against my will, and a lot of stuff that wasn't true. I started to interrupt, but he wouldn't let me."

"I signed absolutely nothing in Mr. Hummel's office," said Mrs. Thaw. She did testify that she signed a paper in the Madison Square Garden building which White said was of no significance, and that the paper was afterward turned in Hummel's office.

Recess was taken at 12:42, with Evelyn Thaw still on the stand. After recess, Mrs. Thaw testified that one day, in White's studio, Jack Barrymore asked if she would marry him. She replied she did not know.

Mr. Jerome objected this afternoon "to further defamation being

The Great Restorative Non-Alcoholic TONIC

of the day, made entirely of native medicinal roots and without a drop of alcohol in its composition, is known as

**DR. PIERCE'S
GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.**

There are no secrets about its composition --- all its ingredients being printed on the bottle-wrappers.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only builds up the strength of the feeble, debilitated, languid, nervous and easily fatigued, whether young or aged, but it enriches and purifies the blood, thus making the improvement lasting.

It corrects and overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpid liver, chronic diarrhea and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Bronchial, throat and laryngeal affections, attended with hoarseness, persistent cough, and all manner of catarrhal affections are cured by the "Golden Medical Discovery."

In Chronic Nasal Catarrh, it is well to cleanse the nasal passages out freely with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" as a constitutional treatment. Old obstinate cases of catarrh yield to this thorough course of treatment.

Through enriching and purifying the blood, the "Discovery" cures scrofulous affections, also blotches, pimples, eruptions, and other ugly affections of the skin. Old, open, running sores, or ulcers, are healed by taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" internally and applying Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve as a local dressing. The Salve can be had of druggists, or will be sent

by return mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps. Address Doctor Pierce as below for it.

In short "Golden Medical Discovery" regulates, purifies and invigorates the whole system and thus cures a very large range of diseases. The reason *Why* it cures such a varied list of diseases is made clear in a little booklet of extracts from the leading medical authorities, compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and which he will be pleased to send post-paid and entirely free to any who send him their names and addresses.

You can't afford to accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." They are the original Little Liver Pills first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. They are tiny sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps (to cover cost of mailing) for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

drawn upon the dead, who have no chance to answer."

Mr. Delmas had asked Mrs. Thaw if Thaw had told her the tale "of other girls at the hands of this man White," when Mr. Jerome objected.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MAJOR-GENERAL

To Be Succeeded in Philippine Command By General Weston

(By New England Press)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9.—General John F. Weston, who is slated to succeed Major-General Leonard Wood when the latter is recalled from the Philippines, is one of the most popular officers of the army. General Weston is at present in command of the Department of Luzon.

General Weston is a native of Kentucky and served through the civil war with the 4th Kentucky volunteer cavalry. At the beginning of the Spanish war he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and in 1899 succeeded General Egan as head of the commissary department of the army.

Few officers in the army of high rank have been so personally popular as General Weston, who has been called the "Rory O'Moore" of the army. This nickname was given him because of his unfailing good nature and kindness, mixed with an Irish humor. At the same time he has always had a high reputation for executive ability.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

To Observe Lincoln Sunday

Boston, Mass., Feb. 9.—The American Missionary Association has requested the Congregational churches Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies throughout the country to observe tomorrow as Lincoln Sunday, in commemoration of the career of Abraham Lincoln. The object of the day will be to turn the attention of children and young people to the obligations and privileges of Christian citizenship.

To Banquet Moody

Boston, Mass., Feb. 9.—Three hundred leading members of the bench and bar of New England will throw the American House tonight at a banquet to be given by the Essex County Bar Association in honor of Justice William H. Moody of the

United States Supreme Court. The invited guests include the attorneys-general and state judges of Massachusetts and neighboring states, judges of the federal courts and many prominent lawyers. President W. H. Niles of the Essex Bar Association will preside over the banquet.

To Inspect Southern Navy Yards

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9.—In conformity with the law, Assistant Secretary Newberry starts for New Orleans today on his annual trip of inspection of the Southern navy yards and stations. After examining the Algiers naval station, near New Orleans, he will embark on the Mayflower and proceed to Pensacola, Key West and Guantanamo to inspect the naval stations there. On the way northward he will touch in at Port Royal and Charleston, S. C.

Band Of 325 Pieces

Boston, Mass., Feb. 9.—The greatest military band ever assembled under one leader in this or any other country will be heard in Mechanics' Hall tomorrow night on the occasion of a benefit concert under the auspices of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association. The great choral band will consist of 325 trained military musicians, divided as follows: 50 clarinets, 46 cornets and trumpets, 30 tubas, 30 horns, 20 flutes, 20 trombones, 12 saxophones, 12 baritone, 10 string basses, 10 zobelos, 10 bassoons, 10 tenor horns, 10 snare drums, 3 bass drums, 3 sets of cymbals, 4 tympanites and 5 bass clarinets. The band will be led by Emil Mollenhauer.

Negro Claims To Be 105

Circleville, O., Feb. 9.—Joshua Lade, who claims to be the oldest exclusive in the country, celebrates his 105th birthday today. He was a slave on the Joseph Edwards' estate in Orange county, Virginia. His age is borne out by the records of the Edwards family. He was freed before the war ended and immediately came to Ohio, where he has since lived. His father died in Lancaster at the age of 102.

To Cure A Cold In One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVER'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Tomorrow will be the anniversary

of the death of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne" in 1887.

SEIZURES STOPPED

Liquor Decision Hits Maine
Laws Hard

FEDERAL DECISION CHANGES MAINE
COURT'S TENOR

The law court, in an opinion drawn by Associate Justice Savage of Auburn, has dealt the prohibitory liquor law a severe blow.

The court holds, by reason of the decision of the federal supreme court in the Heymann case, that intoxicating liquors transported by a common carrier are not subject to seizure by virtue of the provisions of the prohibitory liquor statutes of this state until there has been a delivery to the consignee.

Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs and police officers have been accustomed to seize liquor at railroad depots, express offices and from express wagons. This decision stops all this and, lawyers claim, practically nullifies an important part of the prohibitory laws of Maine.

MARDI GRAS FESTIVAL

Elaborate Preparations Being Made
In New Orleans

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 9.—To provide against a possible condition of crowded hotels in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras next week, the passenger department of the Illinois Central railroad is running a special train from Chicago to the Crescent City in which passengers will eat and sleep while there. This is the first time such a scheme has been tried, and it is the outcome of complaints of overcrowded hotels and high rates in New Orleans during the carnival week.

The train, which left this city this morning, is one of the finest ever operated over the Illinois Central, comprising diner, library and observation cars in addition to the sleepers. The train will be operated from Memphis south over the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley route, arriving in Vicksburg at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Here the party will be given a carriage ride through Vicksburg and the National Military Park. New Orleans will be reached at 9 o'clock Sunday evening.

AT MUSIC HALL

W. A. Dillon Company Pleases In Its
Repertoire Presentations

The William A. Dillon Company presented "An American Prince" at Music Hall yesterday afternoon and "The Men of Jimtown" last evening, signalling succeeding in pleasing the audiences on both occasions.

Last evening's cast of characters follows:

Donald McDonald, the ranchman, W. A. Dillon
Ned, his brother, just from college, Charles Teale

Wolfrid Maunering, a California gambler, J. D. Clifton
Pan, servant to Ned, E. W. Vall

Murphy O'Donovan, heir to the throne of Ireland, Jules Van Cook

Wallace Young, a tough, E. Townsend
Mr. Hastings, a banker, J. W. Hastings

Pug, the wail, June Agnost
Kate, the deserted wife, Lida Hall

The company carries some fine specialties, including acrobatic and musical turns of the first order.

The afternoon and evening performances today conclude the company's engagement in this city.

MEMBERS OF PARTY

Which on Friday Visited the County
Farm

The following were the members of the party which visited the county farm on Friday: Frank J. Philbrick, John W. Caswell, E. H. Naisdell, W. E. Storer, R. I. Walden, H. H. Hanscom, T. A. Ward, S. T. Newton, August Hett, Bert Wood, Ceylon Spinnery, W. L. Cullen, C. Hiram Hayes, E. O. Gosland, Charles H. Bachelder, John K. Bates, W. H. Hodgdon, H. B. Yeaton, A. R. Jenkins, John P. Sweetser, W. F. Kierian, Frank Newton, Freeman R. Garrett, A. S. Brown, all of Portsmouth; E. O. Pinkham, James J. Porter, Edgar Tomblin, J. W. Spinnery, John H. Wesley, George E. Horton, Dover; J. S. Gray, G. J. Chamberlain, Cofford Dixon, M. J. Jacques, M. E. Sheehy, Newfield; G. W. Fifield, Seabrook; G. A. Worcester, Milford; G. P. Goss, Rye; L. W. Foss, North Hampton; C. O. Philbrick, Rye Beach; Frederick Pickering, Newington; E. N. Whitlag, Berry; L. T. Brown, Nottingham; F. D. Wentworth, Greenfield; W. C. Walker, Rye; L. T. Ladd, Bow Chase, Belling; John A. Robin

WORMS

Unsuspected worms are the cause of numerous little things that go wrong with children. When a child is sick you rarely think that its sickness is caused by worms, yet worms, either directly or indirectly, are the cause of three quarters of all the ills of childhood. Children, and often-times adults feel out of sorts, are irritable, feel listless and unfreshed in the morning; suffer with indigestion, have a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath; hard and full belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; eyes heavy, and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions—in the majority of cases the cause of all the trouble is worms though you may not suspect their presence.

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR

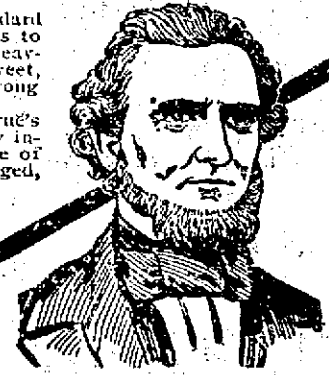
A pure vegetable compound, has been the standard household remedy since 1887. It never fails to expel not only worms but all waste matter, leaving the blood rich and pure, the stomach sweet, the bowels regular and the whole system strong and healthy.

The mother who gives her children Dr. True's Elixir regularly is wise, because it not only increases the appetite, acts as a preventive of coughs, colds, fever and worms but gives rugged, robust health.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 35c, 50c and \$1.00.

Write for free booklet, "Children and their Diseases."

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO.,
Auburn, Me.



OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE
FRANK JONES BREWING
COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

Frank Jones
Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

AMES'

BUTTER & TEASTORE

35 Congress St., Portsmouth.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS,

TEA AND COFFEE

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Commercial Club Whiskey

A Pure Beverage Especially Adapted for Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS.

Thomas Loughlin, Islington Street

AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH



A simple remedy. Neglect of a cold may result in a chronic throat trouble. Sold only in boxes.

IN THE CLOAK ROOM

GOOD STORIES THERE TOLD BY THE CONGRESSMEN.

How Bob Cousins Came to Be Dubbed The "Knight of the Garter"—Hair-Raising Experience of Gentleman from Missouri.

In each cozy corner of the cloak room, members of congress gather to relate a new lot of stories, for whatever distinction a congressman may win in legislative circles, if he is a good story teller, he will certainly add lustre to his glory—in the cloak room at least.

It is said that Congressman Bob Cousins, claims he has attained the dignity of a Knight of the Garter. It happened this way. He was invited to Shannay's, a fashionable place in New York, and as he stepped out on the pavement, all ready for the fray, the glare of Broadway reflected the radiance of his evening broadcloth, his spotless linen and evening necktie. When he reached his destination, there was a wide stretch of red carpet for the guests to pass over. Mr. Cousins is a handsome man, tall, dignified, every inch the ideal congressman, and he was walking along that carpet with all the majesty suited to the occasion, when, lo and behold, it was discovered that behind his patent leather there trailed a long "something white!" The horrified congressman turned to look upon his recalcitrant garter, while the fashionable guests hid their faces in their napkins. With all the solemnity befitting so dreadful an occurrence, the congressman remarked:

"Well, I'll be darned! I never knew my garters were so long."

He bowed in silent majesty to the smiling guests, and since then has been dubbed the "Knight of the Garter."

When I heard the story told, I laughed, of course; but one old crusty congressman who hailed from Missouri, said, "That's nothing! How would you feel if you ventured to be gallant and tell a lady that she was trailing three yards of tape up Broadway? How would you feel if you happened to step upon it, and she turned around and crushed you for your 'impertinence'?"—A Broadway "cop" saved me," he added reflectively.—Exchange.

"Guide" Branches Out.

J. H. Williams, an old and well-known city guide, whose headquarters are around the White House, some time ago came to the conclusion that the word guide was too common and vulgar, and now he wears a badge bearing the inscription, "City Delineator, No. 1." All the other guides are green with envy, while Mr. Williams is having his hands full of business.

"I have been asked time and again whether delineator is a good word as applying to my business," said Delineator Williams, "and I have answered that it is better than any other word that can be used. The dictionary gives the word delineator as meaning to 'describe so as to present a picture to the mind; to set forth in lively manner.' That is what we try to do. Besides, there are so many men who wear badges bearing the word guide that it has gotten to be common, and I don't like it."

White House and other guides of Washington are not required to wear official badges, and are really under no restrictions as to their manner of doing business.

Cockrell in Ill Health.

Francis Marion Cockrell, formerly United States senator from Missouri and now a member of the interstate commerce commission, is in a somewhat precarious condition, not having recovered as rapidly from his partial breakdown of a month ago. He is compelled to remain closely in his Washington residence and at the recent election, for the first time in 30 years, was unable to cast his vote. For more than 30 years he probably has been the hardest worker in public life. Several years ago his physicians warned him to perform less labor, but he disregarded this admonition, and even now his family has a hard time to keep him from overworking himself. He has not gone to the offices of the interstate commerce commission for a month, but insists upon doing a certain amount of official work at his residence every day, including Sunday.

Draft Animals Unnecessary.

Senator Cullom came out of the capitol and signaled for his carriage. As the driver came up the senator looked at his horses critically.

"John," he said to the coachman, "we have got to do something for these horses. They are too thin. They are out of condition. Why, I was noticing Secretary Taft's horses the other day, and they are nice and big and glossy and fat."

"Deed, boss," broke in the coachman, looking at the thin figure of Senator Cullom, "we don't need no such horses to haul us as Mr. Taft does, now."

Speaker Cannon a Runner.

Speaker Cannon, who is nearly 71 years old, ran half a block for a street car. He caught it and, climbing aboard, was met by Senator Carter of Montana.

"That's pretty good for an old man," Senator Carter said.

"Oh, I'm good for a run any day," notwithstanding Mr. Gompers' said the speaker.

ADDITION TO DIPLOMATIC SET.

Daughters of South American Minister Are an Acquisition.

The official Diplomatic List, a booklet issued monthly by the state department for the guidance of those having social or business relations with members of the diplomatic corps, will in its next issue contain three new names, the Misses Marie Angelica, Anna Christina and Marie Teresa Carbo, daughters of the recently accredited minister from Ecuador and Mme. Carbo. The Misses Carbo are more than temporarily newcomers, for their father represented the Quito government at this capital during their childhood, and the family has since resided in New York, except for brief intervals, when they were in Paris for study or recreation. They were initiated into the ways of Washington society last week, when Miss Grace Bell gave a tea in their honor, inviting as her assistants the debutantes of this and last season. Miss Bell, by the way, is a member of the family of Bell telephone fame, and is the youngest of the trio of Bell sisters, whose entertainments are so unique as to keep all Washington laughing and guessing during the season made memorable by the presentation of a White House debutante. Her cotillon plans for the winter will be carried out by those associated with her in the initial arrangements, made before the friends with whom she will tour the Mediterranean cities decided to leave America in December.

MRS. ROOT SANITARY EXPERT.

Wife of Secretary of State Has Very Pronounced Views.

Mrs. Root, wife of the secretary of state, who will be the next chaine of the Morton house, is known as the most ardent germicide in the higher social set of Washington. Mrs. Root has made a study of germs, and it is her knowledge on these points which has made her such a difficult person to please when it comes to choosing a residence. She has likewise a reputation of moving more than any other official hostess.

Her home must be absolutely and thoroughly sanitary, and before taking possession of any house, or room in a hotel for that matter, she makes a test of pipes, etc. Like all believers in hygienic principles, Mrs. Root relies on air and sunshine, and the selection of the Morton house was because the entire house sits on a high terrace at the junction of four streets. Mrs. Root, under the guidance of the surgeon general of the army, has studied the standard works relating to the destruction of germs, bugs and bacteria, and she therefore puts her hobby into force under scientific directions.

Senators Who Rise Early.

People who have an idea that senators do not work like common people should observe some of them going to the capitol early in the morning. A few days ago Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, went into the building and to the rooms of the committee on pensions, of which he is chairman, before 8:30 o'clock. Very few department employees were at their desks at the time he began looking over his correspondence.

Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, is probably one of the earliest risers, as he is one of the earliest men in the senate to get down to work. It is not unusual for him to be at his committee room before eight o'clock, and sometimes he reaches the capitol before the elevators begin running.

Some of the members of the supreme court of the United States are early workers. More than one of them finds that his thinking machine when dealing with knotty problems of the law works more readily in the early dawn and rises in order to get in the best work at that hour.

Listen to Youthful Lawyer.

The youngest lawyer that ever appeared before the supreme court of the United States the other day argued in favor of the constitutionality of the North Carolina statute prohibiting the running of "bucket shops" in that state. He was Walter Clark, Jr., son of Chief Justice Clark of the supreme court of North Carolina, and has just passed his twenty-first birthday. The rules of the supreme court require that an applicant shall have had three years' practice before the highest court of his state before being eligible to admission and as young Clark necessarily could not have this experience a special motion was necessary to enable him to appear. Young Clark, beardless and in appearance only a youth, seemed not the least embarrassed by his maiden appearance before the highest tribunal in the land.

Simple Explanation.

Representative Wharton of Illinois was telling Speaker Cannon how he came to be defeated for reelection. "I was beaten by a man who never made more than \$40 a month in his life—a telegraph operator," said Wharton, who was once a guide in the stockyards.

"Um!" commented Uncle Joe, smiling. "He must have had the dots on you; dash it!"

Why Williams Was Absent.

"I see you were not in for prayers to-day," Gen. Grosvenor said to Representative John Sharp Williams.

"No, I was not," Mr. Williams replied. "I am afraid if I am always in while the chaplain is praying for the majority I may be accused of instigating him to pray for the public enemy."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Simple home Mixture Is Said To Prevent Serious Kidney Trouble

More people succumb each year to some form of kidney trouble than to any other cause. The slightest form of kidney derangement often develops into Bright's kidney disease, diabetes or dropsy. When either of these diseases are suspected the sufferer should at once seek the best medical attention possible. Consult only a good, first-class physician, leave patent medicines alone.

There are many of the lesser symptoms of kidney trouble which can be treated at home as stated by a well-known authority. For some of these, such as backache, pain in the region of the kidneys, weak bladder, frequency, (especially at night) painful, scalding and other urinary troubles, try the following simple home remedy: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Karsgen one ounce, Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. These vegetable ingredients are harmless and can be obtained at any good prescription pharmacy and anyone can mix them by shaking well in a bottle. The dose for adults is a teaspoonful after each meal and again at bedtime.

There is no better general remedy known to relieve all forms of rheumatism either, because it acts directly upon the kidneys and blood. It cleans the clogged up pores in the kidneys so they can filter and strain from the blood the poisonous uric acid and waste matter which it often eliminated remain in the blood, decompose and settle about the joints and muscular tissues, causing untold suffering and deformation from rheumatism.

Backache is nature's signal notifying the sufferer that the kidneys are not acting properly. "Take care of your kidneys," is now the physician's advice to his patients.

THE SCHOOL SAVINGS BANKS SYSTEM

The school savings bank system as a means of thrift teaching had its origin in France, having been introduced into the schools of Le Mans by Monsieur Dulac in 1834. This method met with some degree of success, but was so improved upon by Professor Laurant that when he offered his improved system to the Vienna Exposition in 1873; the educational representatives from different countries unhesitatingly awarded him the prize for his most simple and comprehensive method of training youth to habits of thrift and economy, says the Kennebec Journal. Shortly after this savings banks were introduced into the schools of France and Belgium under the patronage of their governments. So popular did this safeguard against waste and vice become that ere long it was in use in Italy, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia and also in a number of cities in England.

The first educator who attempted a system of thrift teaching in the United States was Mr. Merrill of Wisconsin who introduced it into the schools of Beloit where it was successfully operated for five years.

The system in general use today is that adapted from the French by Mr. Thing who introduced it into the schools of Long Island N. Y., in 1855. Under the careful supervision of Mr. Thing the pupils of the public schools were encouraged to make their weekly deposits until they had deposited to their credit the sum of \$120,000. Aggregated statistics of the money deposited to their credit by the scholars of the United States since the school savings system was established in 1855, show the amount to be \$4,864,575, including the savings through the Penny Provident of New York City, showing the school children to be not an unimportant factor in the acquired wealth of our nation.

On January 1, 1907, the records of 28 states show the sum of \$1,223,560 deposited by 1,500 schools.

Mr. Thing, who was for some years school commissioner of Long Island City, N. Y., has convinced the public that by careful management and wise instruction the children of our public schools may learn the relative value of money, and the wisdom of economy. Mr. Thing says: "Frugality is one of the most important factors of citizenship. After a trial of fourteen years of the school savings banks system in America and its endorsement by the highest educational authorities, with the value of its effects well proved, why should not the reformers and educators familiar with the present sociological civilization encourage its establishment? Among the numerous services demanded of the teacher not one should receive from a grateful public more commendation than the introduction into their classes of practical lessons in thrift and economy."

William T. Harris, L. L. D., United States Commissioner of Education

says: "If every child can be trained to save and, as well, given the knowledge which assures his earning, much will be done towards protecting the very poor from the temptations and sufferings of poverty. The school savings banks have already yielded excellent results in this direction. The system tends to prevent pauperism, crime, intemperance, prodigality and various vices, and to make children thrifty, orderly, economical and discriminating in the use of money. It has its influence upon all phases of economy and propagates virtue."

We have as yet no complete history of the savings system in our own state, but are informed that it is in use in nearly every county. The schools of our own city of Augusta are abreast of the times in this department, in every advanced educational and philanthropic movement. The school savings bank was introduced into the Village District in 1900. Mr. Boothby of the Kennebec Savings bank generously co-operating with principal and teachers in this simple and practical method of securing for our boys and girls a self respect and sense of financial independence that only the possession of a bank account can impart.

We are unable at this time to give the aggregate deposits of this district. The latest report, however, shows the sum of \$1,268.69 deposited during the school year of 1906, with 249 pupils having Kennebec Savings bank books and 294 others having deposits in the school savings banks, their sums not having reached the required interest-bearing amount.

When we consider that this represents the small savings of juvenile depositors which in most instances would have been spent at the candy counter or in purchasing needless luxuries or squandered in wasteful extravagance, we become at once aware of the wholesome influence of thrift teaching in our public schools. By this means our children are acquiring a spirit of self denial for the ultimate good. They are learning the all important lesson of self control, and are being brought early in contact with the conduct of business affairs. All honor to our teachers who by their painstaking efforts are educating our youth along a line that will some day counteract the baleful influence of natural extravagance.

AT THE CHURCHES

Methodist Church
Rev. Geo. W. Farmer, the pastor, will preach Sunday morning as usual at 10.30, subject "Various Sowings."

The Sunday school will meet at 12. The devotional meeting of the Dylworth League will be held in the vestry at 6.30.

"Abraham Lincoln" will be the subject of the evening sermon in the auditorium of the church at 7.30. Special seats will be reserved for the representatives of the Grand Army and the Relief Corps who will attend in a body. The choir will present special music. The public is cordially invited.

Middle Street Baptist Church
Rev. Geo. W. Cile, pastor. Public worship 10.30 and 7.30, sermons by the pastor. Morning subject: "The Absent One at the Royal Table." Evening subject: "The Baptism of Jesus." Baptism after the sermon in the evening. Strangers and friends are heartily welcomed. Sunday school in the chapel at 12.

Christian Science Society
Regular Sunday service at 10.45 a. m., subject: "Soul." Sunday school for the children at 11.50 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 7.45. All are welcome. Services are held at 2 Market street. Reading room at the same address, open to the public daily, except Sunday from 2 to 4 p. m. Here all Christian Science literature can be read.

Christ Church
Holy Eucharist 10.30 a. m.
Processional No. 506, Edwards
Introit, Psalm 23, Gregorian
Kyrie, Plain song
Gloria, Creed, Hymn, No. 76, Stainer
Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Byre
Gloria in Excelsis, Plain song
Processional No. 592, Dykes
Choral Evensong 7.30 p. m.
Processional No. 506, Edwards
Psalter, 10th evening, Gregorian
Magnificat, Clare
Nunc Dimittis, Wood
Banks system in America and its endorsement by the highest educational authorities, with the value of its effects well proved, why should not the reformers and educators familiar with the present sociological civilization encourage its establishment? Among the numerous services demanded of the teacher not one should receive from a grateful public more commendation than the introduction into their classes of practical lessons in thrift and economy."

There will be preaching at the People's Church by Rev. J. H. Dennis of Philadelphia on Sunday; Sunday school at twelve; song service at 7.30 p. m., preaching at eight.

The local secret societies have had one of the busiest winters on record.

IN THE GAY WHIRL

SEASON AT THE CAPITAL NOW IN FULL SWING.

Senator and Mrs. Knox Have Taken Possession of Their New Home—Entertainments by Speaker Cannon Looked Forward to.

Washington is enjoying an unusually large colony of Pennsylvania people, and they are in evidence everywhere, from the sprightly debutante tea, which forms the most frequent diversion, to the mild forms of early season "at homes."

Senator and Mrs. Knox have opened their beautiful K street house, and Mrs. Knox, who is one of the most prodigious walkers in Washington, is seen about the calling and shopping districts at almost all hours of the day. She is so petite and well dressed, so sprightly and friendly, that everyone is interested in her.

Mr. and Mrs. Sibley have opened their fine new Massachusetts avenue house, bought early this fall, and they are expected to entertain extensively.

Representative and Mrs. George F. Huff are at their residence, 1325 St. Lawrence street, where they will remain until the completion of their own imposing residence for which plans have been made. Speaking of the Huffs—there is always that interesting rumor of the engagement of Miss Carolyn Huff and Murry Cobb, which will not come to pass.

Ex-Representative and Mrs. Joseph E. Thropp have opened their extensive establishment in Twentieth street just off Connecticut avenue, and Mrs. Thropp is already making arrangements for the social season.

The arrival in town of Speaker Cannon signifies as a matter of course that Mr. and Mrs. John Dalzell are here, and already Mrs. Dalzell is receiving on Saturdays. Their house is so comfortable, so pretty and "homey" that society people generally take advantage of the early season to pay their respects and imbibe some other atmosphere than simply that of debilitate life. Mr. W. H. Duff, of Pittsburgh, is their guest. They recently entertained Major and Mrs. George Dunn, with their daughter Louise, who have returned to Colorado, preparatory to going to Manila in the spring.

The Misses Guthrie, of Pittsburgh, have taken an apartment at the Connecticut for the winter, and will be much in evidence at all Pennsylvania gatherings this season. They are the sisters of Mayor Guthrie and are accomplished and entertaining women.

The Ormsby McCammons have left their summer residence at Chevy Chase and are at their Connecticut avenue residence. Their tea for debutantes was quite one of the smartest of the week. A pretty Philadelphia girl, who was in evidence there, and who also assisted at the presentation tea of Miss Olga Converse, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Converse, on Thanksgiving day, is Miss Margaret Pettit, who is a house guest at the Converse home. She was exceedingly attractive at the latter tea, wearing a simple white messaline gown gracefully trimmed with lace.

Several people came over from Philadelphia for the wedding at St. John's church of Miss Alice Langhorne and Stanley Washburn, son of ex-Senator and Mrs. Washburn, of Minneapolis. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Norris and Andrew Wheeler, the latter charming every one with his delightful musical program rendered at St. John's during the wedding.

What with mourning and other things the Cabinet circle is a bit crippled this season, and Miss Cannon, daughter and hostess of the speaker, is looked to to more than do her duty in a social way. The wholesome air of the speaker's home, so free from the artificial atmosphere which permeates most Washington houses, is refreshing and agreeable, and when once Miss Cannon, hearty and hospitable, clasps your hand you are pretty sure to look upon official social life with better grace.

Longworths at Housekeeping.

Representative and Mrs. Longworth have left the white house, where they have been the guests of the president and Mrs. Roosevelt since the first of the week, and have opened their house in Eighteenth street. Housekeeping is easy for them, as they have some of the servants trained for years by Mr. Longworth's mother, who is an inflexible housewife.

Just now everything is for the debutantes, but a rushing big social programme is being prepared for the short season and Washington will have one of the most brilliant seasons it has ever known—at least that is the outlook.

What Champ Clark Knew.
Champ Clark of Missouri is good for an interview at any time. A score of correspondents rushed up to him.

"What do you think of the message?" and 20 expectant pencils were poised above 20 voluminous pads.

"I haven't read it."

Down went the pencils and pads. "But I'll tell you what I think of it."

Up went the pads.

"It's a very long message."

Perennial.

"Good Lord, when I left here three years ago, Senator Morgan was talking on the Panama canal." Col. "Burr" Stierdt, of Texas, said when he entered the senate press gallery and heard the Alabama senator. "Has he been at it all this time?"

The Great Lakes Fleet.

A hardy breed of men doing their duty as they find it, the sailors of the great lakes are more and more in demand to man the new fleets that are building every year. While the shipyards of the sea coast were wallowing over the dearth of business, the shipyards of the lakes booked orders for 31 steel vessels for the season of 1906, in size from six to twelve hundred tons capacity, with a total value of \$14,000,000.—Outing Magazine.

Wild Boar in Philippines.

There are thousands of wild boar in the Philippines and you can shoot them anywhere. The natives usually drive them into nets with dogs. Sometimes they are caught in pitfalls or traps. No one ever heard of the Philippine wild boar attacking anyone, although it grows to great size and looks very fierce. Like the wild jungle fowl, which will breed with domestic poultry, the wild boar will breed freely with the native pigs.

To Remove Iron Rust.

A simple remedy for iron rust stain is to be found in common cream of tartar. If this is sprinkled on the stain and the damaged goods then allowed to remain in the sun for a little time the spot will be found to have disappeared. If the first application should prove unsuccessful a second will be almost sure to remove the stain.—Suburban Life.

Importance of To-Day.

Do you rightly estimate the importance of to-day? That there are duties to be done today which cannot be done to-morrow? This it is that throws so solemn significance into your work. The time for working is short, therefore begin to-day, for the night is coming, in which no man can work.—F. W. Robertson.

Aztec Burial Customs.

Among the most terrible of burial customs were those of the Aztecs of Mexico, who sometimes sacrificed hundreds of slaves at the funeral services of their great men, burying the unfortunate victims alive with the corpse, even as some of the savage African tribes are known to do to this day.

Be Not Discouraged.

There is no reason to be discouraged, no matter what or where you are. You can make something out of your life, and something worth while in yourself. Each one of us has infinite possibilities, and by faith and work untiring they are realized.—Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Feminine Cynicism.

The strenuous army of faddists, agitators and apostles of all things extraordinary are either resting on their laurels or preparing for a great winter coup. It is now more than nine days since anything was pronounced deleterious to our health.—Lady's Pictorial.

Man to Blame.

Women are more prone to decelt than men, says Good Words. From the time when Scholeraade told her lord 1,001 lies to keep the peace it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are the most to blame. It is what they like and they get it.

In the World's Labor Unions.

In New York one out of every 19 persons is a member of a labor organization. In England the proportion is one in every 22, in Germany one in 31, in France one in 50, in Italy one in 125, and in Spain one in every 325.

Proof of Strong Soul.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities, it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Thomas Carlyle.

Elephant Can Travel Fast.

The elephant, commonly supposed to be slow and clumsy, can, when excited or frightened, attain a speed of 20 miles an hour, and, what is more, it can keep this rate of progress up for half a day.

Finds No Balm in Solitude.

The heart which loved once and which abandonment struck, does not become easily accustomed to solitude. As if it were avid for new sufferings, it repulses calmness and indifference.—Madame Romieu.

More Women's Rights.

Women are as much entitled to amuse themselves over the affairs of Mme. la Mode as men are over horse racing or other sports.—World of Dress.

Hot Shot.

The following notice is inscribed on the wall of a house in the Rue de Strasbourg, Saint Denis, France: "In case of fire, ask for help at the cemetery."

Wise Axiom.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with another's.

A Foot Note.

Have the soles of your new shoes varnished. They will wear much longer and be impervious to weather.

Evil of Self-Love.

The root of all discontent is self-love.—Clarke.

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

3 NIGHTS COMMENCING FEB. 7th

With Daily Matinees

William A. Dillon Company

—PRESENTING—

The latest novelty

Vaudeville & Drama

THIS AFTERNOON

THE AMERICAN PRINCE.

THIS EVENING

THE MAN OF JIMTOWN.

Prices Nights 10, 20 and 30

Matinees, 10 and 20

7 BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS 7

THREE NIGHTS ONLY,

--- COMMENCING ---

Monday, Feb. 11th.

Special Return Engagement

— OF THE —

Great Prescelle

Mrs. Edna May Magoon

Demonstrators of Modern

Hypnotism.

F. WILLARD MAGOON, MANAGER.

An Attractive and Varied Program, I

Brimsful of Comedy.

A Continuous Laugh from Start

to Finish.

No Two Performances the Same.

EXCELLENT VAUDEVILLE.

Ladies' and Children's Matinee

Wednesday at 3 o'clock, affording

the little ones an opportunity to see

the most pleasing entertainment of the

season.

Prices 10c, 20c, 30c, 50c.

Don't Forget the Dates—Feb.

11th, 12th and 13th.

Monday Evening, Feb. 18th.

Engagement Extraordinary!

ERNEST SHIPMAN

(Knickerbocker Theatre) New

York, Offers

America's Most Talented

Actress,

MARY SHAW

And Associate Cast of Metro-

politan Favorites in J. M.

Barrie's Masterpiece,

'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire

Author also of "Peter Pan,"

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Communications should be addressed to F. W. Hartford, Editor.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

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Telephone 37-2.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1907.

ENEMIES AT HOME

It is the opinion of the New York Mail that those who have from the beginning opposed all efforts to enact legislation for the benefit of our merchant marine can be called nothing but enemies of American shipping. There is no other designation. The Mail thinks, which fits.

The unanswerable argument to every objection to subsidy legislation is that the government of every important maritime power pays subsidies. If American ship owners are to compete with their foreign rivals they must receive aid of some sort from their own government. As matters now stand, the cards are stacked against them. If they attempt to compete with English, French or German owners they find themselves confronted by obstacles which are insurmountable. They may patriotically desire the reappearance of the American merchant flag in every sea, but patriotism which the government of the nation frowns upon is apt to wane.

There is grave danger that the few American steamship lines which now exist will be absorbed by their foreign competitors. It is hard to understand how they can avoid absorption unless they pass out of existence entirely. Forced to pay higher wages for men to man their ships than their foreign rivals pay, with the added advantage of subsidies for the foreigners which are denied Americans, companies now owning ships which sail under the American flag can see little hope for the future. Unless aid is given, it is hardly possible that they can long continue the struggle.

The United States was once second only to Great Britain in the size and importance of its merchant fleet. Today, all but a very small proportion of our ocean commerce is claimed by foreign ships and every year the American merchant fleet grows less important. Something must be done or the United States as a maritime power will cease to exist. There is no dodging the issues. The man who opposes subsidy legislation, unless he can substitute a practicable plan of his own, is an enemy of American shipping and no one will begrudge him all the satisfaction to be derived from that proud title.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Lent

Tell me, lovely penitent,
How thy forty days of Lent
Are most fitting to be spent.

Keep thyself most wholly pure
(That thou over art, I'm sure)
All amusements, too, abjure.

Fast till nightfall day by day
Till the forty pass away,
Careless of thy cloak of clay.

Ah, but thou not all hast told
Of the admonitions old
Which through Lent good folk must hold.

Practice deeds of charity,
Bath the word of Holy See,
Practice them, I pray, on me.

What time I mourn to see no smile
On thy solemn face the while,
Thou mayst cheer me without guile.

Saving clause of Lenten time,

Inspiration of this rhyme,
Charity in every clime.

Lent allows; I prithee be
Charitable unto me,
As is bid by Holy See.

A Chicago woman is telling readers how to "make husbands out of men." Here's again the old strain after an ideal.

It is surmised that the devil's pitchfork will succeed Tillman's on several members of the present Congress, when their time comes.

Alas for the spelling reformers. There is no hope that President Roosevelt will ever submit another message to Congress in phonetic spelling.

"How'd you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?" It's the old plantation argument.—Boston Herald.

Just for the fun of the asking, what's the answer?

The proposed substitution of tea for coffee as the beverage for the army looks like another movement in the direction of peace.—Boston Herald.

As coffee can be made of roasted peas we have been wondering since Jan. 25 when the above item appeared, if The Herald man intended to perpetrate a pun.

To Richard Watson Gilder, the famous editor and poet, whose birthday anniversary was celebrated yesterday, belongs the credit for a number of philanthropic movements. Among them was the exposure of the conspiracy between landlords and politicians, brought to light by the Gilder tenement house commission, as a result of which hundreds of tenements were torn down and a decrease in the infant death rate from twenty-eight to fourteen made, the estimated saving of baby lives in New York alone being 12,000 per annum. He also inspired the movement which created small parks and recreation and breathing spots for the poor.

OUR EXCHANGES

The Empire City

Huge steel ribbed monsters rise into the air,
Her Babylonian towers, while on high
Like gilt scaled serpents glide the swift trains by,
Or underfoot creep to their secret lair.
A thousand lights are jewels in her hair,
The sea her girdle and her crown the sky;
Her veins abound, the fevered pulses fly;
Immense, defiant, breathless she stands there.

And ever listens in the ceaseless din
Waiting for him, her lover who shall come,
Whose singing lips shall boldly claim their own
And render sonant what in her was dumb,
The splendor and the madness and the sin,
Her dreams in iron and her thoughts of stone.
—George Sylvester Viereck in Smart Set, February number.

No Love For Uncle Joe Here

Collier's Weekly publishes a list of ten important measures pending in Congress which it thinks should become laws at the present session. Included in this list is the Appalachian and White Mountain forest reserve bill, which the Senate passed at the last session, but it is understood that Speaker Cannon has his foot on it in the House, so that there is but little hope of its passage at this session, of which only about three weeks remain. Speaker Cannon's presidential bee will get a frost if it comes humming along the Atlantic slope in the near future.—Somerset Free Press.

Of Course They Don't

It is to be hoped that the real daughters of New Hampshire did not do it as a snub to Winston Churchill when they declared off the February meeting at which this real son was billed to deliver an address.—Concord Patriot.

Bon's Grandstand Play

Count Bon de Castellana threatened to commit suicide unless Madam Gould granted him an interview. She refused, but at last reports Bon had not made good.—Manchester Union.

How Winston Stands

A prominent New Hampshire man was in Washington this week and got interviewed by one of the capital newspapers. Speaking of Winston Churchill, he said: "If he wants the nomination (for governor) and

the members of the Republican party believe that he is the best man, he will be nominated." This reminds us of the encomium passed by one Concord man upon another, and which ran: "Those who like him speak well of him."—Concord Monitor.

We're Not Rich Enough

The House has acted wisely in defeating the bill providing for the erection of a new capitol building at a cost of \$1,000,000.—Exeter News-Letter.

Ask The Puzzle Editor

And how is the puzzle question, today? And how will the two or three other "important" questions be decided by the great and general court?—Farmington News.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Prescelle is Wonderful

Prescelle has established a reputation here which will insure capacity business, says an exchange of the young hypnotist who will begin an engagement at Music Hall Monday night. Everything in detail which has been advertised and all this young artist claimed he would do, has been done by Prescelle and Mrs. Magoon. Their work is a revelation to their followers.

Mystifying, pleasing, mirth provoking it is, all in all, an entertainment to be remembered a life time. Prescelle is one of the cleverest of hypnotists and exponents of mental telepathy that has been here. His entertainment furnished great amusement and food for reflection to all. He goes about his work in an unostentatious manner, yet he produces such results that his audience is left no room to doubt the truth of his claims. He readily found and returned various articles which had been previously hidden by a committee while securely blindfolded, clearly demonstrating the possibilities of thought transference.

The hypnotic part of the entertainment was very laughable, and interesting from a scientific standpoint of view. Prescelle was very ably assisted by Manager Magoon's wife, Mrs. Edna May Magoon, who won her audience from the start. Mrs. Magoon has a good stage presence, a pleasing personality and demonstrated her hypnotic powers by causing her subjects to perform all sorts of ludicrous antics while under the mystic spell. There were clever vaudeville acts.

A More Than Ordinary Event

An event of much more than every day importance will occur at Music Hall on Monday, Feb. 18, when Miss Mary Shaw will be seen in the best of all the Barrie comedies "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire", which had such a long run at the Criterion Theatre, New York, last season. Miss Shaw will be remembered for her excellent work in Ibsen's "Ghosts", in which she took the New York public by storm, and of which they have not yet ceased talking. Miss Shaw is recognized as one of America's representative actresses, little comment among those versed in important theatrical movements.

Revival of Charles Reade's Play

Ben Greet is planning a revival of Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," in which he has appeared as "Triple" over a thousand times. The Ben Greet players, after a highly successful tour of the South and Middle West, have returned East.

TODAY GEORGE ADE'S 41ST BIRTHDAY

George Ade, the popular young author and playwright, was born at Kentland, Ind., Feb. 9, 1866. He was graduated from Purdue University in 1887. His first work after leaving college was to exploit a patent cure for the tobacco habit. This he did with the aid of a black-faced singing comedian. In this way he traveled about the country, accumulating information that afterwards stood him in good stead. It was three years later that his career really began, when he secured a position as reporter on a Chicago newspaper. He became the writer of a daily column entitled "Stories of the Streets and of the Town," which gained him considerable of a reputation. It was about this time that he first brought out his famous "Fables in Slang." Later he graduated into a writer of plays and instantly met with great success. His plays include "The Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy From Paris," "The County Chairman," "The Shogun" and "The College Widow." It is estimated that during the past few years these plays have brought to Mr. Ade royalties averaging at least \$5,000 a week.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All drug stores sell it.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

Such Was Notable Wedding in English Capital

(By New England Press)

London, Feb. 9.—Not for a very long time has a wedding created so much interest in society as that of Miss Evelyn Cavendish-Bentinck, granddaughter of Mrs. Maturin Livingston of New York, and Walter Spencer Morgan Burns, member of the London house of J. P. Morgan and Company, which took place today.

Though it was the desire of the families of both the bride and bridegroom that the ceremony should be a quiet one, the church was crowded with a most distinguished gathering. The popularity of both bride and bridegroom was shown by the great number and value of their presents. A tiara said to have cost \$40,000 was only one of Mr. Burns's gifts to his bride. Mrs. Livingston presented to her granddaughter a magnificent diamond collar.

J. Pierpont Morgan, uncle of the bridegroom, presented the bride with a splendid diamond collar of brilliant of the first water, designed in Paris. Among Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck's presents was a collar of brilliants, set in a Greek pattern, with a clasp containing a magnificent emerald. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills the bride's uncle and aunt, also gave her a collar of superb diamonds.

The bride's father gave a magnificent centerpiece of silver and a set of dessert dishes. Mr. Lewis Harcourt, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, gave a great chest of silver. The Duchess of Devonshire's present was an exquisite casket of Italian design, which she bought from a Spanish grandee not long ago.

As brilliant and interesting as the wedding itself was the reception and breakfast that followed at the Cavendish-Bentinck house in Richmond terrace. The breakfast was served at five large, round tables, which were decorated with the family gold and silver plate. The wedding cake was of gorgeous design and was decorated with dozens of little bells of solid silver swung on silver chains supported by the sugar pillars.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns will pass their honeymoon at Nunham Park, Oxford, the country place of the bridegroom's brother-in-law, Mr. Harcourt.

The bride of today is a twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck. Her mother was a Miss Livingston of New York and a sister of Mrs. Ogden Mills. Her father, George Cavendish-Bentinck, is head of the collateral branch of the ducal house of Portland. His sister is the erratic Lady Sykes, whose legal encounters with her elderly and equally eccentric husband, Sir Tatton Sykes, furnished no end of entertaining material for gossip a few years ago.

The bride herself is very pretty, clever, well educated and a particularly type of the Anglo-American girl. Her twin sister was married last November to John Ford, in the British diplomatic service.

Walter Burns, the bridegroom, is well known socially and in the world of finance. As a nephew of J. P. Morgan and head of the London branch of the Morgan banking house, he has been a conspicuous figure in the business world for some years. His present marriage is his second matrimonial venture. When a very young man he contracted marriage with a Mrs. Wade, once an actress, a beautiful and familiar figure in London, Paris and Monte Carlo. Mr. Burns divorced her and she did not defend the suit.

WARSHIPS NEEDED

Conditions in Central America Require Their Presence

Washington, Feb. 9.—Carrying out the wishes of the state department that a couple of American naval vessels be kept in Central American waters, the navy department has dispatched the gunboat Marietta from Guantanamo to Greystone on the Gulf coast of Nicaragua, in addition to the cruiser Chicago, which has been sent down the west coast to Acapulco, Honduras, so that within a day or two there will be an American warship on each side of the scene of the threatened trouble.

It is stated that the purpose of sending these ships to Central America is similar to that inspiring the order to the Marblehead last year, namely to have a ship at the disposal of the American ministers if they should find it necessary to travel up and down the coasts in those countries, where communication by regular channels is so limited. Also they will of course protect

any American property that may be endangered if disorders break out.

Consul William F. Alger, at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, communicated on Thursday with the American minister in Guatemala City (he being also accredited to Honduras) that the opinion at Tegucigalpa is that war between Honduras and Nicaragua is almost inevitable.

The officials here, however, do not take any such pessimistic view, and believe that the combined forces of Mexico and the United States, without offending the pride of the Central American republics, result in convincing them that their differences can be settled without recourse to arms.

Without admitting the accuracy of the statement from the City of Mexico that at the instance of the Washington government the Mexican diplomatic representatives in Central America had been instructed to bring pressure to bear upon the governments to which they were accredited to prevent hostilities, it is said at the state department that correspondence has been exchanged between the department and the Mexican government to this end.

The Washington government regards itself as bound under the treaty of San Jose and the Marblehead pact to offer good offices to prevent warfare between the Central American republics, and as the republic of Mexico is under similar obligations the two are trying to arrange a program whereby Mexico will represent the wishes of the United States as well as her own people in the case.

Attention is called to the fact that Nicaragua was not a party to the San Jose treaty, taking the ground that the settlement of disputes between the Central American republics by a reference to arbitration was already sufficiently provided for in the treaty of Corinto, concluded several years before.

This fact, however, does not in the opinion of the officials here, relieve Honduras and Salvador from responsibility to abide by the provisions of the San Jose treaty, and if Nicaragua prefers to retain her position and regards the treaty of Corinto operative, then, according to the view here, she cannot resist an appeal by Mexico, supported by the United States, to adjust this present trouble by reference to arbitration.

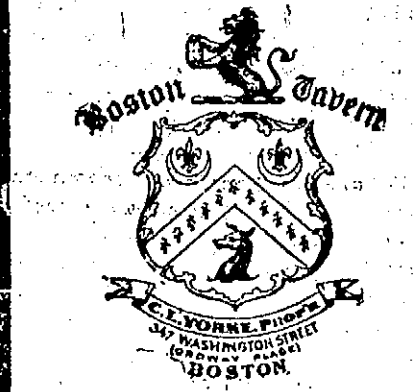
Meanwhile, and as the first step toward the settlement, it is probable that both sides, and particularly Nicaragua, will be requested to desist from any increase of armament or concentration of forces on the borders, pending the conclusion of an agreement for a final settlement of the present difficulty.

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PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 10 o'clock a.m., February 20, 1907, and publicly opened immediately thereafter, to furnish at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., a quantity of naval supplies, as follows: See. 405: Oak staves, Sec. 407: cloth insecticide. Applications for proposals should designate the schedules described by number. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the navy pay office, Portsmouth, N. H., or to the Bureau of Supplies, Paymaster-General U. S. N., 22-07.

Feb. 9-16

WANT ADS.

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TO LET—House No. 21 Lincoln avenue, electric light, gas, and all modern improvements. Inquire of John N. Goodall, 63 Richards avenue. chf8-10

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. P7he 3w

LOST—On Sunday morning, Feb. 3, between Navy Yard Quarters and St. John's Church, a brown leather purse, chain attached, containing money and card. Finder please leave at this office and be rewarded. chf8-1w

LOST—On the street between Dr. Pope's office and the railroad station, a lady's gold hunter case watch with initials "H. N. C." Notify Dr. Pope, 118 State street. chf9-1

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. chf15t

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. chf18t

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. chf16t

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. chf15t

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

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DAYS OF GLOOM.

(Continued from first page)

hardship to leave the second New Hampshire, the officers of which I had come to respect, the earnestness of the men composing which I had learned to admire. The intelligent, reflective though it which animated them was an inspiration to me and I felt that no brighter future, no higher destiny could be sought by any young man than to attend that regiment wherever it might be ordered in battling for what I felt in my heart of hearts to be justice, loyalty, righteousness. But Mr. Lincoln explained to me that the government was in a serious quandary and did not know precisely what to do in the circumstances. He called me in consultation at midnight when all was still in his library at the White House and told me the story as follows: President Fillmore had appointed Brigham Young as the first governor of Utah after its organization into a territory by Congress; Brigham Young remained in that office until President Buchanan took his seat. He then appointed one Andrew Cumming, a Georgian, to the position. At the same time a secretary of state was appointed from Virginia, one Francis Wootan. Both were confirmed by the Senate and both served in Utah. Now the dilemma in which the government found itself arose from the fact that Gov. Cumming had disappeared and as he was last seen driving southward from Salt Lake City it was generally believed that he had proceeded to St. George, the southernmost settlement in Utah and from thence into Texas and so northward to his native Georgia. This was the conjecture, but it was by no means established. He had married a Boston lady and the hope was that her influence had taken him northward instead of southward, and that he would yet appear as a loyal northern man. Mr. Lincoln told me that the secretary of state had that day received a letter from Francis Wootan, at that moment acting governor of the territory by absence of the governor, in which he, the President, was called a monkey, and William H. Seward, secretary of state, was called a murderer, a letter most insolent in every way, a letter impossible of exhibition, and that the emergency was such that while entirely at liberty to appoint a secretary who would become acting governor on reaching the territory to take the place of Wootan, the government did not feel at liberty to appoint a governor, although the office was practically vacant. He, therefore, requested me to accept the office of secretary and said, "If you think you would like to be governor after we get track of Cummings, should we find his source, let me know it."

I intimated to Mr. Lincoln that my heart and soul and all that was within me yearned for the contest in the field; that I had been studying

military affairs for two years, first, because I wanted to know more of practical military affairs than I did, but also had made my military acquisition useful in the organization of a band of "wideawakes" to help along the enthusiasm which resulted in his election. However, I accepted the service; my name was sent to the Senate and confirmed the next day and I was informed by the state department that an early departure was of vital importance, and by the treasury department that a bond of twenty-five thousand dollars must be filed with the treasury before my commission could be given me. Then it was that a friend in need became a friend indeed. I telegraphed to Mr. Albert R. Hatch, my best of friends in Portsmouth, of the impending bond and I received a dispatch six hours later to the effect that the bond was ready. Two days later I filed it. I hastened back to Portsmouth to make my final arrangements and when I expressed my surprise to Mr. Hatch at the names signed to the bond, he said, "Why the whole town would have signed it if I desired it." I said, "Did they want to get rid of me as bad as that?" He replied, "Oh, no! they were only proud to see any distinction conferred upon you by President Lincoln."

The names as I remember them were: Ichabod Goodwin, George Wallace Haven, Daniel Marcy and Albert R. Hatch, rather mixed in politics but still very substantial in earthly possessions. FRANK FULLER, 61 5th Ave., New York City.

BARTLETT VS. GADBOIS

Interesting Case Now on Trial in Superior Court

The case of Bartlett versus Gadbois was before superior court at West Derry on Friday. G. K. and B. T. Bartlett appeared for Bartlett and Attorney Brown of the firm of Burnham, Brown, Jones and Warren of Manchester, for Gadbois.

The case is quite a complicated one and many witnesses were called. It is alleged that a Mr. Morrison made his property over to Mr. Gadbois to care for him in his old age, giving him a deed of the place, and that after Mr. Morrison's death the relatives believed the transfer of the property was due to unjust influences and the suit was brought to get aside the conveyance of the property.

It was hoped that the case would be completed on Friday, but it required much time and there are many witnesses to be called so that Judge Pike decided to adjourn the session until Tuesday or Wednesday.

In the absence of Clerk Knight Sheriff Collis acted as clerk.

PROMINENT MEN WILL ATTEND

The following are among those who will attend the district meeting, of Old Fellows next Monday evening in this city: Grand Master William E. Fitch, Grand Secretary Frank L. Way, Grand Treasurer William W. Cotton, Grand Warden Charles H. Canney, Charles Gray, district deputy grand master, District No. 4, Grand Representative Lamont Hilton, Past Grand Master Albert R. Junkins and other prominent members of the order from Maine and New Hampshire. District Deputy Grand Master John H. Yeaton, District No. 5, will preside over the meeting.

BIG VALUE AT MUSIC HALL

The play at Music Hall this evening will be one of the strongest ever presented at popular prices, and in connection there will be a vaudeville entertainment by real headline artists.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the digestive system. Doan's Regulax (25¢ per box) corrects the liver, tone up stomach, cure constipation.

KITTERY LETTER.

(Continued from first page)

is a new club recently formed and is composed of about ten of the young folks of our village. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. J. Lewis Shortridge of Portsmouth called on friends in town yesterday.

Miss Alice Williams, who has been the guest of relatives in town, has gone to Boston to visit, before returning to her home in Alfred.

Kittery Point

Mrs. V. H. Goodwin was severely injured on Friday evening by a fall down a flight of stairs at her home. She received a bad fracture of one arm and an ugly gash on the head. She was attended by Dr. J. D. Carty and is today very comfortable.

The three-masted schooner Fannie and Fay, which struck on Wood Island while entering the harbor several nights since, was this morning docketed for examination at Frisbee Brothers' wharf by the tug M. Mitchell Davis. She is leaking and her forefoot is known to be gone, while the keel also is supposed to be damaged.

William A. Bowman is in a critical condition at his home in Ferry Lane. Conductor James Coleman of the Atlantic Shore line has resumed his duties, after being off a week on account of illness.

The northern lights have been more noticeable for the past two nights than before this winter.

The interior of Frisbee Brothers' new store is rapidly approaching completion and will be occupied by the fast of this month, it is expected.

Schooner Northern Eagle, Capt. Stu McLeod, lost several nets in the bay this week.

The British schooner Maple Leaf, which sailed from here Wednesday, coal laden, for St. Andrews, N. B., went ashore in a bad position at Biddeford Pool. She is of ninety-one tons and was built in 1901 at Windsor, N. S. She was later floated and towed to Portland.

AN EASY VICTORY

Portsmouth High School Girls Outclassed Berwick Academy

In Pelree Hall on Friday afternoon, the girls' basketball team of Portsmouth High School won the easiest sort of a victory from the girls of Berwick Academy, the score being fourteen to two.

The visitors did not throw a single goal from the floor and were totally outclassed. Miss Harvey was the star of the game, caging the ball five times. Her field goals were the only ones secured.

The summary: (2) B. A. Miss Harvey, 11; Miss Davidson, 1; Miss M. Hett, 1; Miss Dodge, 1; Miss G. Hett, 1; Miss Pollard, 1; Miss Jacobs, 1; Miss Harmon, 1; Miss Pierce, 1; Miss Hayes, 1; Miss Powell, 1; Miss Walden, 1; Miss Perkins, 1; Miss Davis, 1; Miss Miller, 1. Score—Portsmouth High School 14, Berwick Academy 2. Goals, from floor—Miss Harvey 5. Goals, from fouls—Miss Harvey 3, Miss Hett, 1, Miss Perkins 2. Referee—Matthews. Umpire—Swasey. Timers—Foote and Goodwin. Time—Three 10-minute periods. Attendance—400.

PLAY TO BE GIVEN

For the Benefit of Inasmuch Circle, King's Daughters

Following is the cast of "The Donation Party," a comedy in three acts, to be presented at Freeman Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, for the benefit of Inasmuch Circle, King's Daughters:

Rev. George Baxter, Mr. Boyd
Herbert, his son, Mr. Junkins
Peto, Alvin Redden
Squire Appletree, Mr. Whitlier
Prother Smith, Mr. Grant
Old Peters, Mr. Freble
Mr. Smith, Albert Wood
Joe, Ray Foye
Mrs. Baxter, the pastor's wife, Mrs. Brewster

Aunt Jerushy, Mrs. Goodwin
Mary, Laura Matthews
Hannah, Carrie Hayes
Phoebe, Mary Parker
Marion Brown, Frances Hanscom
Mrs. Wilkins, Elizabeth Hayes
Samantha, Grace Keenison
Mollsey, Mrs. Sherwood
Beth, Julius Dutton
Josh, Charles Matthews

PRESCELLE COMING

The Great Prescelle, undoubtedly the cleverest exponent of hypnotism now appearing before the public, will come to Music Hall Monday night for an engagement of three nights. Prescelle created a sensation on his former visit to this city and is certain to repeat his performances. The prices will remain the same, ten, twenty, thirty and fifty cents. No

one should miss this opportunity to see Prescelle, as he is not likely to appear in public after this year.

PERSONALS

Miss Josie Lynes is passing the day in Manchester.

Sherman T. Newton has returned from a visit of a few days to Manchester.

Miss Mary Loughlin of Dover Point was a visitor in this city on Friday evening.

Miss Helen Peterson of Beachmont, Mass., is the guest of her sister, Miss Mary Peterson of this city.

Wallace G. Campbell of this city, formerly manager of the Langdon Hotel, is now holding a position as clerk at Hotel Touraine, Boston.

Leonard Chestnut, stenographer in the steam engineering department at the navy yard, is slowly recovering from a two weeks' attack of the grip.

Miss Nellie Keefe of Wellesley Hills, Mass., came to this city on Friday to attend the Church of the Immaculate Conception parish reunion.

Former State Senator and Mrs. John B. Cavanaugh of Manchester were here on Friday evening and attended the parish reunion of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Allen Tobey of Elliot, who has been dangerously ill the past month, remains in the same condition at the home of her sister, Mrs. George McPheters.

Miss Helen Giles, formerly with the G. B. French Co., who has been in California for some time, is expected to return to this city next week. Miss Giles will resume her former position.

WARRANT ISSUED

For the Arrest of a Pole, Aromie Shavinsky

The police have a warrant for a Pole, Aromie Shavinsky, recently employed at the plant of the Gale Shoe Company, who is believed to have left the city.

A short time ago, it is alleged, Shavinsky had a quarrel with a fellow countryman, who has adopted the name of John Brown, and drew a knife. The further allegation is made that in protecting himself from the knife, Brown, received a bad cut on the right wrist.

OBITUARY

John Mason

John Mason died Thursday morning at his home on Peverly Hill road, aged eighty-five years. He is survived by his wife and by two children.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon from his late home, Rev. C. Lev. Brine officiating. Interment was in North cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

Harris I. Morrill

Died in this city, Feb. 8, Harris I. Morrill, aged 34 years.

AT THE NAVY YARD

With deep regret the navy department has issued orders placing Rear Admiral W. W. Mead, U. S. N., on the retired list, in accordance with existing law. Admiral Mead reached the retiring age of sixty-two years on Feb. 8. He will probably be assigned to some field of active duty, the department being desirous of making use of the high abilities of this officer, notwithstanding his retirement.—Army and Navy Journal.

Chief Master-at-Arms Douglass, killed by a sailor on Wednesday on the U. S. S. Tennessee, was a member of the crew of the U. S. S. Tanager when that ship was put out of commission at this yard.

William Palfrey of the steam engineering boiler shop received a bad cut on the nose today (Saturday) while removing tubes through a port hole of the U. S. S. Yankee. The wound was dressed at the yard dispensary.

The quarters recently occupied by Rear Admiral Mead are being renovated and made ready for the new commanding officer, Capt. Bicknell.

AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH

The following music will be rendered at the Unitarian Church tomorrow: Anthem, "Great and Marvelous." Turner
Anthem, "Light and Life Immortal." Bullard
Anthem, "Still, Still with Thee." Foote

STRUCK BY CAR

Henry Dame Of South Eliot Injured Yesterday Afternoon

Henry Dame of South Eliot was struck by an electric car on Friday afternoon in that town and received injuries of a serious nature.

Mr. Dame was walking along the track near the Advent chapel. The regular car which passes that point at about two o'clock had gone by, but an extra was following, which the man failed to notice. Being almost totally deaf, the car was upon him before he was aware.

It is said that he was dragged about fifty feet. The left side of his head and face were cut, and the upper half of the left ear almost severed. There was a deep cut on the left cheek and a contusion of the left eye. An injury to his back is feared, but no bones are broken.

He was attended by Dr. Willis.

LECTURE AT EXETER

The First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Exeter announces a lecture on "Christian Science," by Rev. Arthur E. Vosburgh, C. S. B., a member of the Christian Science board of lecturership, in the Town Hall Sunday afternoon at half-past three; subject, "The Idealism of Jesus." The public is cordially invited and a special car at The Plains will connect with the car leaving Market square at 2.05 p. m.

A "SILVER TEA"

There will be a silver tea at Gray Lodge, the home of Mrs. C. W. Gray in Kittery, on Wednesday, Feb. 13, from three to ten o'clock. The proceeds will go to Inasmuch Circle, King's Daughters. There will be an entertainment and the public is invited.

There are lots of opportunities for the Merchants' Exchange and the board of trade to advertise the advantages of Portsmouth.

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RHEUMATIC FOLKS!

Are You Sure Your Kidneys Are Well?

Many rheumatic attacks are due to uric acid in the blood. But the duty of the kidneys is to remove all uric acid from the blood. Its presence there shows the kidneys are inactive. Don't dally with "uric acid solvents." You might go on till doomsday with them, but until you cure the kidneys you will never get well. Doan's Kidney Pills not only remove uric acid, but cure the kidneys and then all danger from uric acid is ended. Here is Portsmouth testimony to prove it.

Mrs. A. S. Staples, of 3 Dear Street, Portsmouth, N. H., says: "About three months ago I was nearly laid up with kidney trouble. My back was so lame at times that I could hardly get upstairs, and I had rheumatism in my limbs, which was very painful. Doan's Kidney Pills procured at Philbrick's drug store, to my surprise soon relieved me and my general health has been much better since. I cannot speak too highly of this remedy and shall always recommend it to people I hear complaining of kidney trouble or backache."

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FIGHTING THE COLD DEATH

(A STORY OF ADVENTURE.)
By REX E. BEACH

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Down a gully came the Arctic caravan, men and dogs, black against the deadly whiteness. Ahead swung the guide, straddling awkwardly on his five foot webs, while the straining pack pattered at his heels. Big George, the driver, urged them with strong words.

His companion, clinging to the sled, stumbled now and then, while his face, splitting from the snap of the frost, was smothered in a muffler. Sometimes he fell, plunging in the snow, rising painfully, and groaning with the misery of "know-blindness."

Down the steep bank they slid, across the lumpy up sea ice at the river mouth and into the village.

At the greeting of their guide to his tribesmen, the natives, George started. Twelve years of coast life had taught him the dialect from Point Barrow south, and he glanced at his companion to find whether he, too, had heard the message. As the guide handed a tallman to the chief he strode to him and snatched it.

"Oh! It's Father Orloff, is it? D—him!" He gazed at the token, a white spruce chip with strange marks and carvings.

"What does it mean, George?" said the blind man.

"It's a long story, Captain, and black. You should have known it before we started. I'm a marked man in this coast country. It's Orloff's work, the renegade. 'Father,' he calls himself. Father to these devils he rules and robs for himself in the name of the church. God help him when we meet."

He shook his hairy claws at the hostile circle.

The Indians clustered before the portal of the mission house, with its rude cross above, and stared malignantly, while the chief spoke.

Captain dragged the team within, and George following, blocked the shattered door.

"We're safe as long as we stay in the church," said he.

"Right of sanctuary, eh? Does it occur to you how we're going to get out?"

"Never mind, we'll get out somehow," said he. And that night, as Charlie Captain, late university man and engineer, lay with eyes swathed in steaming cloths, the whaler spoke, and with the bitterness of great wrong.

"It happened when we rocked the bars of Forty Mile. Into the big valley I went and got lost in the flats. I run out of grub. We always did them days, and built a raft to float down to the Yukon. A race with starvation, and a dead heat it near proved, too, though I had a shude the best of it. I drifted out into the main river, river! and, my 'Mukluks' eat off and my moose-hide gun cover inside of me.

"A girl split me from the village, and 'twas her that brought me ashore in her birch-bark and tended me till reason came and the blood ran through me again.

"I mind seeing a white man standing around at times and hearin' him beg her to leave me to the old squaws. She didn't though. She gave me bits of moose meat and berries and dried salmon. Her eyes was big and sad, Cap, and dimples peeked into her cheeks when she laughed.

"'Twas then that Orloff takes a hand—the white man. A priest he called himself; bred, Russian. Maybe he was, but a blacker-hearted thief never wronged a child. He wanted the girl, Metta, and so I did. When I tasted her old man for her he said she was promised to the Russian. You know what away the church has over those Indians. Well, Orloff is a strong man. He held 'em like a rock. He worked on 'em till one day the tribemen came to me in a body and said, 'Go!'

"Give me the girl, and I will," says I.

"Orloff sneered. 'She was mine for a month before you came,' says he with the foud showin' back of his eyes. 'Do you want her now?'

"For a minute I believed him. I struck once to kill, and he went down. They closed on me as fast as I shook 'em off. I was beat back to the bluff and I battled with my heels over the edge. Then I heard Metta calling softly from below:

"'Jump!' she said. 'Big one, jump.' 'She had loosed a canoe at the landing and now held it in the boiling current underneath, paddling desperately. 'As they ran out of the tents with their rifles I leaped.

"A long drop and cold water, but I hit feet first. When I rose the little girl was alongside. I got in and we paddled away.

"The next winter we were at Holy Cross. That was the winter of the famine, though every winter was the same then, and I went to Anvik for grub—took all the strong men and dogs in the village. I was afraid when I left, too, for 'twas the time I should have been with her, but there was no one else to go.

"When you come back," she said, 'there will be another—little boy—and he will grow mighty and strong, like his father.' She hung her arms around me, Cap, and I left with her kisses warm on my lips.

"It was a terrible trip, the river wot with overflows and the cut-offs drifted deep, so I drove back into Holy Cross a week late with bleedin' dogs and frozen Indians straining at the sled ropes.

"I heard the wail of the old women before I came to the cabin, and then Metta sobbed the story out in her weakness.

"It was as lusty a babe as ever crowded, but Orloff had come to the sick bed and sent her squaws away. Baptism and such things he said he'd do. The little fellow died that night. At daylight, when I went to seek him, Orloff had fled down the river with the fastest dogs, and to this day I've never seen his face, though 'tis often I've felt his hate.

"He's grown into the strongest missionary on the coast, and he never lets a chance go by to harry me or the girl.

"He knows we've come, as the blood token of the guide showed. He wants my life, and there's great trouble comin' up. I'm hopin' you'll soon get your sight, for by now there's a runner: 20 miles into the hills with the news that we're blind in the church at Toklak. He'll kill the fastest team in Nushagak in the comin', and God help us if we're here."

For three days the wind tore from off the sea, into the open night at whose head lay Toklak. On the third day, with Arctic vagary, the wind gasped reluctantly and scurried over the range.

On the bright surface of the hillside a sled bearing a muffled figure appeared silhouetted against the glister of the crust. Its team, maddened by the village scent, poured down the incline toward the river bank and the guide swung onto the runners behind. In a whirl of soft snow they drove down to the treachery of the ice.

The ice slackened, sagged and disappeared in a surge of congealing waters.

Orloff, for it was the priest, leaped from the sinking sled, but hindered by his fur swaddling crashed through and lunged heavily in his struggles to mount the edge of the flim. He pitched oddly about, and for the first time the watchers from the mission saw his eyes were bound tightly with bandages, which he strove to loosen.

"My God! He's snow blind!" cried George, and in a moment he appeared among the frantic mob fringing the shore.

Orloff shouted affrightedly in his blindness, but the mocking voice of Big George answered him and he covered at the malevolence in the words.

"Here I am, Orloff. It's help you want, is it? I'll shoot the man that tries to reach ye. Ha, ha! You're freezin' eh? George will talk to keep ye awake. A dirty trick of the river to cheat me so. I've fattened for years on the hope of stamper's your life out and now it's robbed me. But I'll stick till ye're safe in hell."

The man cried piteously, turning his bleared eyes toward the sound.

"Shoot, why don't you, and end it? Can't you see we're freezing?" He stood up in his stiffened clothes, shivering piteously.

"The truest thing ye ever said," cried George, and he swung his coils into view. "I'll favor you and I'll keep my vow." He raised the gun. The splashing of the distant dogs broke the silence.

"George! George!" Captain had stumbled down among them and plucked at his arm, peering dimly into his distorted face. "Great God, are you a murderer? They'll be dead before we can save them."

"Save 'em?" said George, while reason fought with his mania. "Whose souls to save 'em? He needs killin'. I'm hungry for his life."

"He's a man, George. They're both human, and they're dying in sight of us. Give him a chance. Fight like a man."

As he spoke the fury fell away from the whaler and he became the alert, strong man of the frontier, knowing the quick danger and meeting it.

He bellowed at the natives and they fled backward before his voice, storming the clache where lay the big skin canoes. They slid one down and seizing paddles crashed the ice around it till it floated, then supported by the prow, George stamped the ice into fragments ahead, and they forced their way slowly along the channel he made.

Soaked to the arm pits he smashed a trail through which they reached the hummock where the others lay, too listless for action.

At the shore they bore the priest to their shelter. They hacked off his brittle clothes and supported him to the bed. As he walked his feet clattered on the board floor like the sound of wooden shoes. They were white and cold, as were his hands.

"He's badly frozen," whispered Captain, "can we save him?" They rubbed and thawed for hours, but the sluggish blood refused to flow into the extremities.

Through all the Russian was silent, gazing strangely at George. Then he spoke:

"George Bruce, I've harmed you bitterly these many years, and you're a good man to help me so. It's no use. We have both fought the Cold Death and know when to quit. I came here to kill you, but you will go out across the mountainous free while I'll be dead. Good-by."

"Good hell! We're sendin' for a doctor. We'll save a chunk of ye yet, old man."

Two hours later Dr. Forrest spoke gravely. "We have operated. He will recover."

"It's a sad day," mourned George. "He's a cripple now, eh?"

"Yes! Helpless! I did not know Father Orloff had many—or friends hereabout," continued the doctor. "He was thought to be hated by the whites. I'm glad the report was wrong."

"Friends be damned," said Captain. "What's a friend? You can get them any place, but where can you find another enemy like that man?"

THE DEATH CHAMBER

By STEPHEN CRANE

A sergeant, a corporal and 14 men of the Twelfth regiment of the line had been sent out to occupy a house on the main highway. They would be at least a half of a mile in advance of any other picket of their own people.

Sergeant Morton was deeply angry at being sent on this duty. He said that he was overworked. There were at least two sergeants, he claimed furiously, whose turn it should have been to go on this arduous mission. He was treated unfairly; he was abused by his superiors; why did any fool ever join the army; as for him he would get out of it as soon as possible; he was sick of it; the life of a dog. All this he said to the corporal, who listened attentively, giving grunts of respectful assent.

On the way to this post, two privates took occasion to drop casually to the rear and pilfer in the orchard of a deserted plantation. When the sergeant discovered this absence, he grew black with a rage which was an accumulation of all his irritations.

"Fun, you!" he howled. "Bring them here! I'll show them—!" A private ran swiftly to the rear. The remainder of the squad began to shout nervously at the two delinquents, whose figures they could see in the deep shade of the orchard, hurriedly picking fruit from the ground and cramming it within their shirts, next to their skins. The beseeching cries of their comrades stirred the criminals more than did the barking of the sergeant. They ran to rejoin the squad, while holding their loaded bosoms and with their mouths open with aggrieved explanations.

A moment later the squad moved on toward its station. Behind the sergeant's back Jones and Patterson were slyly passing apples and pears to their friends, while the sergeant expounded eloquently to the corporal. "You see what kind of men are in the army now! Why, when I joined the regiment it was a very different thing, I can tell you. Then, a sergeant had some authority, and if a man disobeyed orders he had a very small chance of escaping something extremely serious. But now! Good God! If I report these men, the captain will look over a lot of beastly order sheets and say" (here



"We Can Beat Them Off."

the sergeant wrathfully imitated the voice of his captain): "Haw, eh, well, Sergeant Morton, these men seem to have very good records; very good records, indeed. I can't be too hard on them; no; not too hard," continued the sergeant; "I tell you, Flagler, the army is no place for a decent man."

Flagler, the corporal, answered with a sincerity of appreciation which with him had become a science. "I think you are right, sergeant," he answered. "This sergeant of ours, he thinks we are made of wood. I don't see any reason for all this strictness when we are on active service. It isn't like being at home in barracks. This is very different. He hammers us now worse than he did in barracks. There is no great harm in a couple of men dropping out to raid an orchard of the enemy when all the world knows that we haven't had a decent meal in 20 days."

The reddened face of Sergeant Morton suddenly showed to the rear. "A little more marching and much less talking," he said.

When he came to the house he had been ordered to occupy, the sergeant entered with disdain. "These people must have lived like cattle!" he said, angrily.

"To be sure, the place was not alluring. The ground-floor had been used for the housing of cattle, and it was dark and terrible. A flight of steps led to the lofty first floor, which was denuded, but respectable. The sergeant's visage lightened when he saw the strong walls of stone and cement. Unless they turn guns on us, they will never get us out of here," he said cheerfully to the squad. The men, anxious to keep him in an amiable mood, all hurriedly grinned and seemed very appreciative and pleased.

"I'll make this into a fortress," he announced. He sent Jones and Patterson, the two orchard thieves, out on sentry duty. He worked the others then until he could think of no more things to tell them to do. Afterward he went forth, with a major general's serious frown, and examined the ground in front of his position. In returning he came to a sentry, Jones, munching

an apple. He sternly commanded him to throw it away.

The men spread their blankets on the floors of the bare rooms, and putting their packs under their heads and lighting their pipes, they lived in lazy peace. Bees hummed in the garden and a scent of flowers came through the open window.

There was a sudden little spatter of shooting. A cry from Jones rang out. With no little intermediate scrambling, the sergeant leaped straight to his feet. "Now," he cried, "let us see what you are made of! If," he added bitterly, "you are made of anything."

A man yelled; "Good God, can't you see you're all tangled up in my cart-ridge belt?"

Another man yelled: "Keep off my legs! Can't you walk on the floor?"

To the windows there was a blind rush of lumbering men, who brushed away from their eyes even as they made ready their rifles. Jones and Patterson came stumbling up the steps, crying, dreadful information. Already the enemy's bullets were spilling and singing over the house.

The sergeant suddenly was still and cold with a sense of the importance of the thing.

There was a howl. "There they are! There they come!" The rifles cracked. A light smoke drifted tidly through the rooms. There was a strong odor as from burnt paper and the powder of firecrackers.

"Now," said the sergeant, ambitiously, "we can beat them off easily if you men are good enough."

There was a fusillade against another side of the house. The sergeant dashed into the room which commanded that situation. He found a dead soldier on the floor.

"Patterson!" cried Sergeant Morton. "Yes," said Patterson, his face set with some deep-rooted quality of determination. Still, he was a mere farm boy.

"Go in to Knowles' window and shoot at those people," said the sergeant, hoarsely. Afterwards he coughed. Some of the fumes of the fight had made way to his lungs.

Patterson looked at the door into this other room. He looked at it as if he suspected it was to be his death-chamber. Then he entered and stood across the body of Knowles and fired vigorously into a group of charming plum trees.

"They can't take this house," declared the sergeant in a contemptuous and argumentative tone. He was apparently replying to somebody. A man who had been shot in the throat looked up at him. Eight men were firing from the windows. The sergeant detected in a corner three wounded men, talking together feebly.

"Don't you think there is anything to do?" he bawled. "Go and get Knowles' cartridges and give them to somebody that can use them! Take Simpson's, too." The man who had been shot in the throat looked at him. Of the three wounded men who had been talking, one said apologetically: "My leg is all doubled up under me."

Meantime the sergeant was reloading his rifle. His foot slipped in the blood of the man who had been shot in the throat.

"Why, we can hold this place!" shouted the sergeant jubilantly.

Corporal Flagler suddenly spun from his window and fell in a heap.

"Sergeant," murmured a man, as he dropped to a seat on the floor out of danger, "I can't stand this. I swear I can't. I think we should run away."

Morton, with the kindly eyes of a good shepherd, looked at the man. "You are afraid, Johnston; you are afraid," he said softly. The man struggled to his feet, cast upon the sergeant a gaze full of admiration, reproach and despair, and returned to his post. A moment later he pitched forward, and thereafter his body hung limply out of the window.

The sergeant laid his rifle against the stonework of the window frame and shot with care until his magazine was empty. Behind him, a man simply grazed on the elbow was wildly sobbing like a girl.

"Shut up," said Morton, without turning his head. Before him was a vista of fields, clumps of trees, woods, populated with little, stealthy, fleeting figures.

He grew furious. "Why didn't he send me orders?" he cried aloud. The emphasis on the word "he" was impressive.

The man who had been grazed on the elbow still set up his bleat. Morton's fury veered to this soldier. "Can't you shut up? Can't you shut up? Can't you shut up? Fight! That's the thing to do! Fight!"

A bullet struck Morton and he fell upon the man who had been shot in the throat. There was a sickening moment. Then the sergeant rolled off to a position upon the bloody floor. He turned himself with a last effort until he could look at the wounded who were able to look at him.

His arms weakened and he dropped on his face.

After an interval, a young subaltern of the enemy's infantry, followed by his eager men, burst into this "eking death chamber. But just over the threshold he halted, and remarked, with a shrug to his sergeant: "I should have estimated them as at least 100 strong."

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Something of a Feat. Millionaire (showing his library to distinguished novelist)—See them books?

Distinguished Novelist—Yes.

Millionaire—All bound in calf, ain't they?

Distinguished Novelist—So they are.

Millionaire (proudly)—Well, sir, I killed all them calves myself.—Royal Magazine.

A TOUCH OF HUMAN CHARITY

(The Story of a College Compact.)
By ELLIOT FLOWER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was with a sigh that John Hutchings went to a second-rate hotel. He much preferred to patronize the best, but there were circumstances that made this inadvisable. He was about to meet his old college chum, James Dawkins.

It was with a sigh that James Dawkins put on a shabby suit of clothes. He much preferred to wear garments of good cloth and make, but there were circumstances that made this inadvisable. He was about to meet his old college chum John Hutchings.

They met with apparent cordiality, but there was something of restraint in the greetings exchanged; each seemed to be taking a mental inventory of the other. Then they sat down in the hotel office to talk. The first impulse of each was to invite the other to the cafe for lunch, but each refrained.

"Well, old man," said Dawkins at last, "you're looking prosperous."

"Prosperous!" exclaimed Hutchings. "Remember the kind of hotels we patronized in our college days? Does this look like one of them? Prosperous! Huh!"

"Well," returned Dawkins, with a sigh, "it would seem pretty good to me to be able to put up at this hotel." "You!" ejaculated Hutchings. "Why, you're looking finer than silk. I'd pick you out for a winner anywhere."

"These clothes—"

"Oh, rich men are never dandies." "Rich!" cried Dawkins, as if he had been accused of some crime. "Why, Jack, I've been trying for two months to scrape up enough to get my wife a new gown."

"I never could afford to marry," said Hutchings dismally.

"What!"

"Couldn't afford it, actually couldn't afford it," Dawkins laughed without any joyousness.

"I couldn't afford to remain single," he said.

"What!"

"Only the well-to-do men can afford to remain bachelors. The poor always marry."

Hutchings looked annoyed. "Purely a relative matter," he argued. "Matrimony may be economy in some instances, but never for a really poor bachelor. I envy you, old man. I've often wished I could afford a wife and home. Look at the old hat I'm wearing. They made me pay in advance for an outside room on the top floor."

"My boy's toes were out of his shoes when I left home," remarked Dawkins, despondently.

There was a long silence, during which both looked solemn and uncomfortable.

"It is 25 years since we parted," said Hutchings reflectively, when the silence had become somewhat distressing.

"Twenty-five years to-night," said Dawkins.

"What dreams we had then!" with a deep sigh.

"If they had been but half fulfilled, I would be happy."

"Half!" exclaimed Hutchings. "Say a quarter, a tenth."

"A twentieth, even."

"That old compact—"

Each gave the other a quick look. They were sparring for points, and the game had reached a critical stage.

"I remember it," said Dawkins quickly.

"I thought perhaps you had forgotten it."

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, 3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 5.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 8.50 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.23, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.50, 6.10, 7.30 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.50 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.23, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave.

Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 6.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.59 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANLERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Actual increase 2,455,581 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st, 1906. This is the record of the

7-20-4
10c Cigar

Thirty-two years New England's Favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN Mfg
Manchester, N. H.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 7.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salsma Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 2.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.25, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

S. G. LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURNING DONE.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order each lot in any of the cemeteries of this city may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turning and grading of lots, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemetery he will do turning and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale; also Loan and Rent. Orders left at his residence, corner of North and Avenue South Street, or by mail, or by express to 100 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton—6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 8.50 a. m., 9.45 a. m., 11.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights 11.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road 8.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m., and 10.49 a. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 10 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.30 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.50, 11.19 a. m., 2.35 and 5.13 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.20 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 11.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.23 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 11.55 a. m., 11.00 p. m., 2.40, 3.40, 11.00, 4.32, 7.35, 11.00, 11.30 and 11.00 p. m. (Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.50, 4.20, 4.55, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 2.50 a. m., and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.03 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

*Omitted Holidays.

Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 232.

VINSLAW T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, 11.45 p. m.

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m. Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m. and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratford only.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monument, Granite and Marble business in the city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterbury, Ct. During this time we have set considerably more monuments in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have moved to Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other places. High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices. Call and inspect our stock. We are now having special prices.

FRED C. SMALL, JR.
Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to The S. G. Dealer.

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

A CONFIRMED OLD MAID

By M. M. COOPER

Miss Margaret Brentwood and Montmorency her cat lived together near Union square.

Montmorency was four years old, and was striped all over like a tiger, with the exception of an immaculate white shirt-front. Montmorency had his own particular chair and cushion in the drawing room and boudoir; this was Miss Brentwood's fancy, and Montmorency good-naturedly humored her. When a man and woman set up house together a certain amount of give-and-take is necessary, and this particular instance resembled many others in that the giving was monopolized by one side.

It seemed to afford Miss Brentwood satisfaction to give Montmorency thick cream in dainty china saucers, and soft velvet cushions to lie upon, and consequently what could he do but gracefully accept the attentions? Montmorency was very fond of his mistress; he had grown accustomed to her, as he had to his respective chairs and cushions, and not being without experience of women in general, he placed her emphatically before any others of his acquaintance. He liked to see her graceful figure bending over her work, or the writing table, and to watch the cool white hands which were always busy over something.

Miss Margaret Brentwood was 40, and a confirmed, old maid, so her friends and acquaintances declared, but the fact did not appear to trouble her in the least. There was nothing old-maidish in her appearance, and the sprinkling of gray in her dark hair only lent an additional dignity to her face. Montmorency had never seriously considered whether his mistress might truthfully be described as handsome or fascinating, but he knew that every detail of her presence, from the soft tones with which she addressed him, to the delicate perfume she always affected, all went to make up an exceedingly pleasant personality.

Now, it so happened that one fine afternoon two friends of Miss Brentwood's



"She Has Very Good Taste, Hasn't She?"

met on her door-step, both purposing to honor that lady with a visit. They were ushered into the drawing room, where Montmorency was in sole possession, Miss Brentwood having only just returned home, being still engaged in removing her wraps.

Montmorency's first idea on recognizing the visitors was to rise and leave the room; his second, that he might derive some amusement if he remained, for he had long ago made the discovery that the conversation of certain women was apt to become extremely piquant.

"She has very good taste, hasn't she?" said Mrs. C. W. Lashington, sending her glance comprehensively round the room through her gold pince-nez.

"Or the reputation for it, which amounts to the same thing," responded the other lady.

"Thought that was smart, didn't you?" murmured Montmorency, watching the speaker through his half-closed lids.

"Odd she has never married—so well off as she is, too!" pursued Mrs. C. W. Lashington.

"Well, I don't know about its being odd," said Mrs. Brasher, pursing up her lips with much significance.

"Why, was there anyone? Oh! to tell me, dear Mrs. Brasher, she will be down in a moment."

"Of course you understand it must go no further!"

"Of course, of course."

"Looks for all the world as if she saw a jug of cream," interpolated Montmorency with disgust.

Well, when she was quite a girl one of old John Dorrington's sons fell madly in love with her, and she with him; but the old man, who was as mad as a hatter even then, vowed that his son should marry rich, and wouldn't hear of an engagement between them. Margaret Brentwood has always had plenty of pride, and she absolutely refused to marry young Dorrington against his father's wishes, and consequently they parted with the usual protestations of undying constancy, and I believe they have held no communication with each other since. She has kept her word, as you see."

"And he?"

"Unmarried, too! Refreshingly romantic, isn't it?"

"Surprisingly so. And where is Mr. Dorrington now?"

"Oh! I have no idea of his present whereabouts, I haven't set eyes on him for years. He was a very handsome boy, but I expect he is a gray-haired old bore by this time. I know she keeps his photograph, and looks at it every night. Oh! my dear Miss Brentwood, how cute do? We were just admiring your beautiful cat. Quite a unique specimen, I am sure!"

"It's you who are the unique specimen," blurted Montmorency. "Don't touch me; you make me sick!" he added sharply, every hair bristling with antagonism as a delicately gloved hand attempted to stroke his ears.

"The darling doesn't like strangers, does he?" cooed Mrs. Otway Lashington.

"No, he doesn't—when they are anything like you," said Montmorency, and stalked majestically to the door. He had not acquired the ethics of society, and considered his cat far worthier of all commendation. He was also much excited by the news that the air on the roof would be soothing and conducive to thought. Mrs. Brasher's story was as new to him as to Mrs. C. W. Lashington, and threw light on many circumstances which had hitherto puzzled him.

He had noticed that every night Miss Brentwood unlocked one of the drawers of a small inlaid cabinet in her boudoir and took out a photograph. He had watched the performance with scant interest, for it had no definite result like the turning out of a lamp or the ringing of a bell, and he had come to look upon it as a mere idle nook on the part of his mistress. Sometimes also, in the twilight, he had seen her take from the same drawer a packet of old, faded letters and hold them tight in her white hands. He had been surprised that she had never untied the ribbon which bound them, the simple reason that she knew the contents by heart not occurring to him.

That night, when Miss Brentwood took out the photograph as usual, Montmorency sprang on the back of the sofa where she was sitting and looked at the picture over her shoulder. It was the portrait of a young man, whose firm mouth was only partially concealed by an incipient mustache. Montmorency studied the face carefully, but could not detect the good looks to which Mrs. Brasher had referred. When Miss Brentwood rose to replace the photograph Montmorency was industriously washing his already spotted waistcoat. It was his first step along the tortuous pathway of deception.

But if he had so far forgotten himself as to yield on the spur of the moment to a vulgar curiosity, it was not likely that he was going to publicly acknowledge the fact.

One afternoon Miss Brentwood and Montmorency sat together in the boudoir. It was early spring, and outside in the square the trees were beginning to bud. The New York sparrows were discussing important domestic matters loudly among the branches, their sooty little forms contrasting oddly with the ethereal background. Montmorency watched them from the window-seat with the air of a policeman who is told to keep an eye on suspicious characters. It was evident that he considered them a blot on the landscape.

Miss Brentwood presently came to the window, and followed the direction of Montmorency's green eyes.

"So spring has come again, Monty," she said, stroking his soft head. "Look at that tree—don't it look lovely? Much too pretty for New York. I wonder if the trees are out in the old garden?"

Miss Brentwood seemed to be gazing through the trees at something which Montmorency could not see; her voice trailed away into silence, and they both gave a start at the prosaic sound of the front door bell.

"Visitors, Monty," said Miss Brentwood, a trifle wearily, "and I am not in the mood for them. You lucky little cat! you can fly if you want to, and I can't."

"Why on earth do you let them in if you don't want to see them?" asked Montmorency's eyes.

"Duty, Montmorency," said Miss Brentwood. "To think you don't even know what that means." And then the door opened and the servant announced "Mr. Dorrington!"

Montmorency turned sharply and saw a tall man with a bronzed, deeply lined face and iron-gray hair and mustache. He advanced quickly towards Miss Brentwood.

"Margaret," he said simply, "my father is dead!"

It was the strangest greeting Montmorency had ever heard. He looked quickly from the visitor to Miss Brentwood. She had turned very white and gazed a little while she stood, and her answer was only one word—

"Frank!"

"I have come to claim your promise, Margaret," said he huskily. "Have you changed, or are you mine still, after all these long years?"

There was a pause. Montmorency could hear the clock ticking, and a slender fall from the fire, also the quick breathing of the two human beings. Then Miss Brentwood broke the silence.

"After all these long years," she repeated dreamily, and stretched out her hands to her old lover. He took them in his own and drew her towards him.

Montmorency, with true jealousy, turned his back and resumed his espionage on the sparrows.

(Copyright 1906 by Joseph B. Bowles.)

THE CORPSE AND THE IRISHMAN

By CHARLOTTE O'CONNOR ECCLES

"Dan! Dan McCall!" cried a shrill, imperious, childish voice. "Oh, Dan, I'm so glad I've found you; I want you to tell me a story."

"Be this an' that, Miss Mary, but ye're the great young lady for shorlins' intirely. Did I ever tell ye o' the night I was lost in the bog, Miss?"

"No, Dan," cried the little girl, excitedly clapping her hands. "That's new; do go on."

"Well, sure it's a long time ago," said Dan. "Twas in the old country—and I was just risin' twinty."

An' when I was young, Miss Mary, like many another, I always was terrible wild, an' nothin' I liked better than sportin' an' divartin' meself, but what I want through was night sobered me, so it did. My master sent me over to Garraduff. An' Garraduff was a great house, intirely for the best ev' ath' an' drinkin', an' I got there mids' the night.

"When I got to Garraduff there was great atin' an' drinkin', an' the servants had got in Tommy Murray, the blind piper that used to play at the cross roads, an' there was dancin' goin' on in the servants' hall, an' maybe it wasn't near 12 o'clock before I thought o' turnin' home."

"And when I saw I was frightened to find how late it was, they all began tellin' me o' a short cut through the bog, an' told me I couldn't miss the way, not if I was blind o' wan eye, an' I came o' wan leg. So off I set, miss, an' I was lone some it was, I whistled to kape me courage up."

An' begob, Miss Mary, I wasn't gone half hour when a mist began to be, an' before long I found 'twas lost I was.

"Well, Miss Mary, to make a long story short, if I didn't see, quite sudden a light far, far away, for all the world like a star, an' sez I to meself, 'wherever that light is there's people, an' where's there's people they won't leave a poor gooson out all night to be starved wid the cold.'"

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THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
FEBRUARY 9

SUN RISES, 6:55; MOON RISES, 11:13 A. M.
SUN SETS, 5:05; MOON SETS, 10:05 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY, 10 H. 15 M. (88 00 A. M.,
108 45 P. M.)

New Moon, Feb. 12th, 10h. 43m., evening, W.
First Quarter, Feb. 13th, 11h. 30m., evening, W.
Full Moon, Feb. 28th, 7h. 23m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, March 7th, 3h. 42m., morning, E.

THE TEMPERATURE

Twenty degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS

Lincoln Sunday tomorrow.
Buy your valentines now.
K. of P. Fair, Feb. 13, 14, 15.
All the clubs are very active.
Past day, apparently, still lives.
Denatured alcohol has come to stay.
We will have a new moon next Tuesday.
Oranges now in the local market are of fine quality.
Old Sol's working day is constantly growing longer.
The fish market offers rather more variety than it did.
The probable tax rate is a subject of much discussion.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 31 Congress street.
Local hotel keepers report an unusual volume of business.
Now some weather prophets are promising an early spring.
The New England Breeders' Club is certainly up against it.
The valentines shown in the store windows are very handsome.
The town of Salem is hot after the New England Breeders' Club.
Police court sessions have been few and far between so far this year.
See "The Mystery of Madison Square" at Music Hall this evening.
Wednesday is the day on which the legislators do most of their work.
That was an awful beating which Harvard gave Dartmouth at hockey.
Next week will be another important one from a social point of view.
Tomorrow will be observed as Lincoln Sunday in several of the churches.
The girls of Portsmouth High won easily from South Berwick yesterday.
Matinee and evening performances at Music Hall today by the W. A. Dillon Company.
Fireless dreams of automobile and bicycle road races next Summer are being indulged in.
The Y. M. C. A. athletic team looks good and should make a creditable showing at Portland.
The great social event of the legislative session, the Governor's ball, has become a part of history.
The rate of the pass bill in the House of Representatives next Wednesday is a matter of much interest.
Seven big audacious acts with the W. A. Dillon Co. which presents "The Mystery of Madison Square" at Music Hall this evening.
If New Hampshire clubs could not support New England League baseball teams, how can New Hampshire expect to support a state league?
To feel strong, to have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the great system tonic and builder.

THE TWO NEWPORTS PLAY

The Newport Naval Reserves defeated Pat Doyle's basketball team from Newport, this state, on Friday evening at Newport, R. I., thirty-one to fifteen. At Brattleboro, Vt., the Brattleboro Athletics defeated Company D of St. Johnsbury, forty-six to eighteen. Company D was helped by Sheridan, Follansbee and Haggerty.

JOBS FOR GLAZE AND GIBBS

Ralph Glaze has signed with the Boston American League baseball team for next season. Fred Gibbs, who pitched last year for the Biddeford Independents, will next Summer be with the Haverhill team of the New England League.

TAKING OUT ARC LIGHTS

The arc lights installed about a year ago at the Boston and Maine station and roundhouse will be taken out and a large number of incandescent lights put in for service. The work is being done by men from the electrical department in Boston.

FUNERAL NOTICE

Funeral services of Harris I. Morrill will be held at the home of his brother, Joseph Morrill on South street, Monday afternoon at two o'clock. Friends invited.

WATER DISTRICT

Proposed In The Town
Of KitteryBILL NOW BEFORE THE
MAINE SENATEMeasure Gives District Right To
Acquire The PlantOF AGAMENTICUS WATER COMPANY BY
EMINENT DOMIN

Senator Simpson of York has introduced in the Maine state Senate a bill creating a water district in the town of Kittery, its affairs to be administered by a board of trustees of three members to be chosen by ballot by the legal voters living within the limits of the proposed district. The first election will be at the first meeting of the voters called to accept the provisions of the act.

The water district is given authority to acquire by right of eminent domain, the right being expressly delegated to this water district, the entire plant, property and franchises of the Agameticus Water Company within the district and in the remaining portion of the town of Kittery and in York.

The trustees of the water district are required to file a petition in court before June 1 of this year for the appointment of three disinterested appraisers to appraise the value of the plant of the Agameticus Water Company and fix a price upon it. The award must be made on July 1, 1907, and interest on the amount of the award will begin on that date. After that, all profits shall accrue to the water district and all expenses must be paid by it.

All contracts now existing between the Agameticus Water Company and any persons or corporations or the United States government must be carried out by the water district.

The water district begins at a point on Chauncey's Creek, directly south of the base of Tenney's hill and extends north to the tracks of the York Harbor and Beach railroad, thence west along the railroad tracks to the west bank of Spruce Creek, thence north along the creek to the Post road, thence west along the Post road to James's corner, thence northwest by Spinney road to Spinney's Creek, thence south and east along Spinney's Creek, the Piscataqua River, Pepperell Cove and Chauncey's Creek to the starting point.

The act is to take effect upon its approval.

FAITHFUL DOG

Refused To Leave The Body Of His
Dead Comrade

Friday morning, Foreman Jerry Crowley of the Boston and Maine section between Portsmouth and Greenland, witnessed an exhibition of remarkable intelligence on the part of a dog. He was passing the "Sally Holmes" crossing, when he discovered a bound dog sitting apparently alone on the embankment. As he came nearer, the animal attracted his attention by loud barking and growling stopped and looked at dog, which continued to bark.

It occurred to Crowley that the dog might be mad, but, taking a shovel in his hand for protection, he decided to investigate and learn what was troubling the animal.

As he neared the bound dog whined pitifully. He was not mad, but was simply mourning over and telling the man, as best he could, of the death of his comrade, killed by a train.

The dog was faithfully watching over the body of another bound, lying dead on the ground.

The section foreman took the dead dog on the handcar to a field, where he left him, intending later to bury him, but the dog would not leave his dead comrade and followed the handcar to the place where the body was deposited.

The section men came back that way toward night, after their work, and saw the same faithful dog watching over the dead body and mourning in the same manner as when they found him in the morning.

No effort on the part of the men to induce him to leave was successful and when they came to the city

ART
VALENTINES

Let us show you our new and exclusive line—just received.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

They immediately notified the owner, James Harvey, who was compelled to send for the animal in order to get him to come home. The other dog was probably killed during the night while running rabbits.

FIGHT IS OFF.

Authorities Interfered and White Leaves For Lowell

The Riverside Athletic Club was handed one "dozen" of fresh, juicy lemons by the authorities of Kittery Friday night.

The club was to conduct a six-round bout between "Battling" White, the champion 155 pound boxer of the navy, and Cole, a scrapper from the South. Somebody got busy and whispered the fact that the scrap was to be a finish and the mill was not allowed to come off.

Considerable interest was taken in the affair and the friends of both men are much disappointed on account of the fiasco.

Several hundred tickets had been sold by the club. There is no possibility of the men coming together, as White was discharged from the service and left for his home in Lowell, Mass., today.

NO SUCCESSOR YET

Man to Take Mr. Morgan's Place Has Not Been Named

President William A. Hall of the Publishers' Paper Company, who has been in this city for several days, has returned to New York.

It will probably be three months before a successor to General Manager Morgan is appointed and in the meantime arrangements will be made for an energetic management of the company's affairs.

Concord horsemen cleared their speedway in five minutes after the big storm. The horsemen of this city seem to have lost their enthusiasm.

TO BE SOLD

Old Dry Dock Will Soon Cease To
Exist

The old floating dry dock at the navy yard has done its last work. After an expenditure of \$80,000 or more, the navy department has ordered the old dock condemned.

Orders have been issued that after the new electrical machinery, recently installed, and part of the new lumber have been taken out, sealed proposals will be called for and the float sold to the highest bidder.

The dock was built by the firm of Gilbert and Seer of Nova Scotia in 1850 on Pelee Island at a cost of \$300,000. It was launched in 1851.

The first ship to enter the dock was the U. S. S. Franklin of the wooden navy, and the last was the Spanish trophy ship Reina Mercedes.

HAMBLETT WILL RESIGN

To Give Up Position As United States
District Attorney

The Herald hears upon the best of authority that United States District Attorney Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua is soon to resign.

It is stated that Mr. Hamblett decided to give up his government office after a conference with President Roosevelt. A new ruling requires all district attorneys of the United States also connected with corporations to either resign their government offices or to end their corporate connections. Under this ruling, many district attorneys in all parts of the country will retire.

FIRST OF SERIES

Of Whist Parties Under Auspices Of
City Improvement Association

The first of the series of card parties for the benefit of the Portsmouth Improvement Association was held on Friday afternoon in the attractive reception rooms of the Warwick Club, most kindly placed at the disposal of the ladies for this purpose.

Both bridge and whist were played. The winner of the highest score in the bridge section was Miss Helen Pearson, in that of the whist, Miss Nellie Walker.

There were no prizes offered, but the flowers generously given by Mr. Hamford were divided between the two ladies.

The next party will take place on Friday, Feb. 15, at three o'clock.

COMING TO PORTSMOUTH

Don Juan De Austria Is Ordered
Here For Repairs

The Don Juan de Austria has been ordered to Portsmouth navy yard, to go out of commission and receive repairs.

On Feb. 6, the Austria left Monte Christi for San Juan and is now on her way north. She is expected soon to arrive here and the men of her crew will probably be transferred to one of the other ships now at this station.

The Austria has before been at this yard, having been refitted here for service in the United States navy.

GAVE WHIST PARTY

Ivy Temple Entertained in a Pleasing Manner

Ivy Temple, Ladies of the Golden Eagle, held a successful whist party on Friday evening, followed by a supper. There were nine tables and prizes were awarded as follows:

Ladies' first prize, a jardiniere, Mrs. Cora Mathes; ladies' second prize a table cover, Mrs. Nellie Kehoe; ladies' third prize, dollies, Mrs. Susan Townsend; gentlemen's first prize, a picture, George Kay; gentlemen's second prize, a silk muffler, Charles B. Allen; gentlemen's third prize, sleeve elastic, H. P. Drew.

OBSEQUIES

The body of Mrs. Sophia Shaw, who died in Somerville, Mass., on Feb. 5 at the age of eighty-five years, seven months and fifteen days, was brought to this city on the 10.45 train on Friday forenoon and was taken to York for interment by Undertaker O. W. Ham.

Funeral services over the body of Miss Ida F. Parker were held at half past three o'clock on Friday afternoon from the home of her father, Benjamin Parker, on Cabot street. Rev. George W. Gile was the officiating clergyman and Undertaker Ham was in charge of the funeral, interment being in South cemetery.

Miss Parker died in Lawrence, Mass., on Feb. 6 and her body was brought to this city on the 2.45 train on Friday afternoon.

IT IS STILL COLD

New Durham reports that the glass registered twenty degrees below zero this (Saturday) morning. It was fifteen below at Sanbornville and ten below at Alton Bay.

SOMETHING DOING

Fifteen cars of pulpwood were set in at the paper plant today (Saturday). The force night and day is doing a lively hustle.

Sacramento
Chinese Restaurant

American and Chinese Dishes.
Chop Suey a Specialty.

All kinds of meats, chicken and soups served in American or Chinese style. Tea and Chinese preserves.
Orders put up to take out.

CHARLIE SING,
13 1-2 Daniel St.

"Potatoes Are Higher"

We have a good supply of that fancy Aroostook Stock on hand and will have another car in a few days.
F. E. LOUGEE, 18 Daniel Street
Telephone 326-2.

FINAL REDUCTIONS ON
SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Our Suits and Overcoats are marked to the lowest point and there will be no further reductions on them this season. When you remember the quality of our goods and the reliability of the make you'll see that these prices are very low:

\$ 7.75 buys a \$10.00 Garment
9.75 " " 13.50 "
11.75 " " 16.50 "
14.50 " " 18.50 "
16.50 " " 20.00 "
19.50 " " 25.00 "

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.

CLOTHES THAT SATISFIES.

DENATURED ALCOHOL

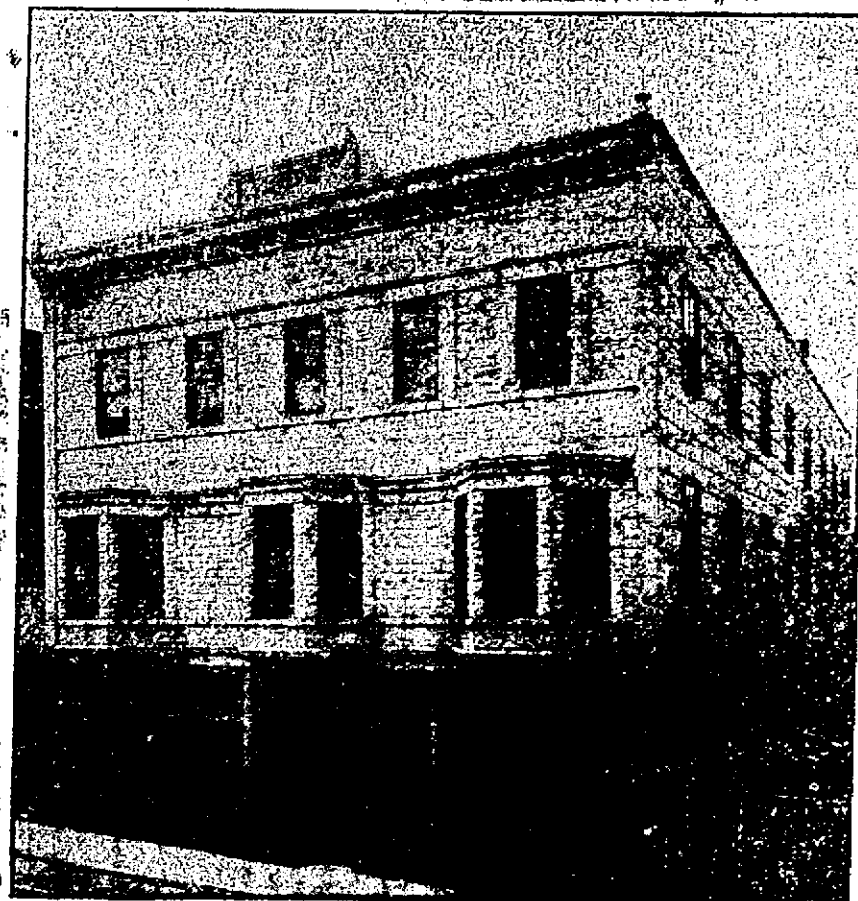
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A. P. WENDELL & CO.'S
Hardware Store.CHAS. J. WOOD
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Army and Navy Uniforms and Equipments

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Come Down Market Street to This
Store and get a

Wood Rocker for \$1.50

and a

Carpet Sweeper for \$2.10.

This Week Only.

OLIVER W. HAM,
Complete House Furnisher.

PAY POLL TAXES
NOW.

Every delinquent Poll Tax for the years 1905 and 1906 must be settled on or before March 1, 1907, otherwise they will be liable to any or all of the penalties prescribed by law.

The collection department of the City of Portsmouth has extended every possible courtesy to delinquent Poll Taxpayers of 1905 and 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the finance committee of the city government is making urgent demands upon this department for money, and that it is the intention to take up each case of delinquency and proceed to collect it according to law.

We therefore recommend that any individual who has not yet fulfilled his duty in regard to the payment of taxes should do so at once or notify the collector why the matter has not been attended to.

THIS IS IMPERATIVE.

WALTER H. PAGE,
Collector.